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Vol. CLXV No. 2162 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 28 1941

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THE SPHERE
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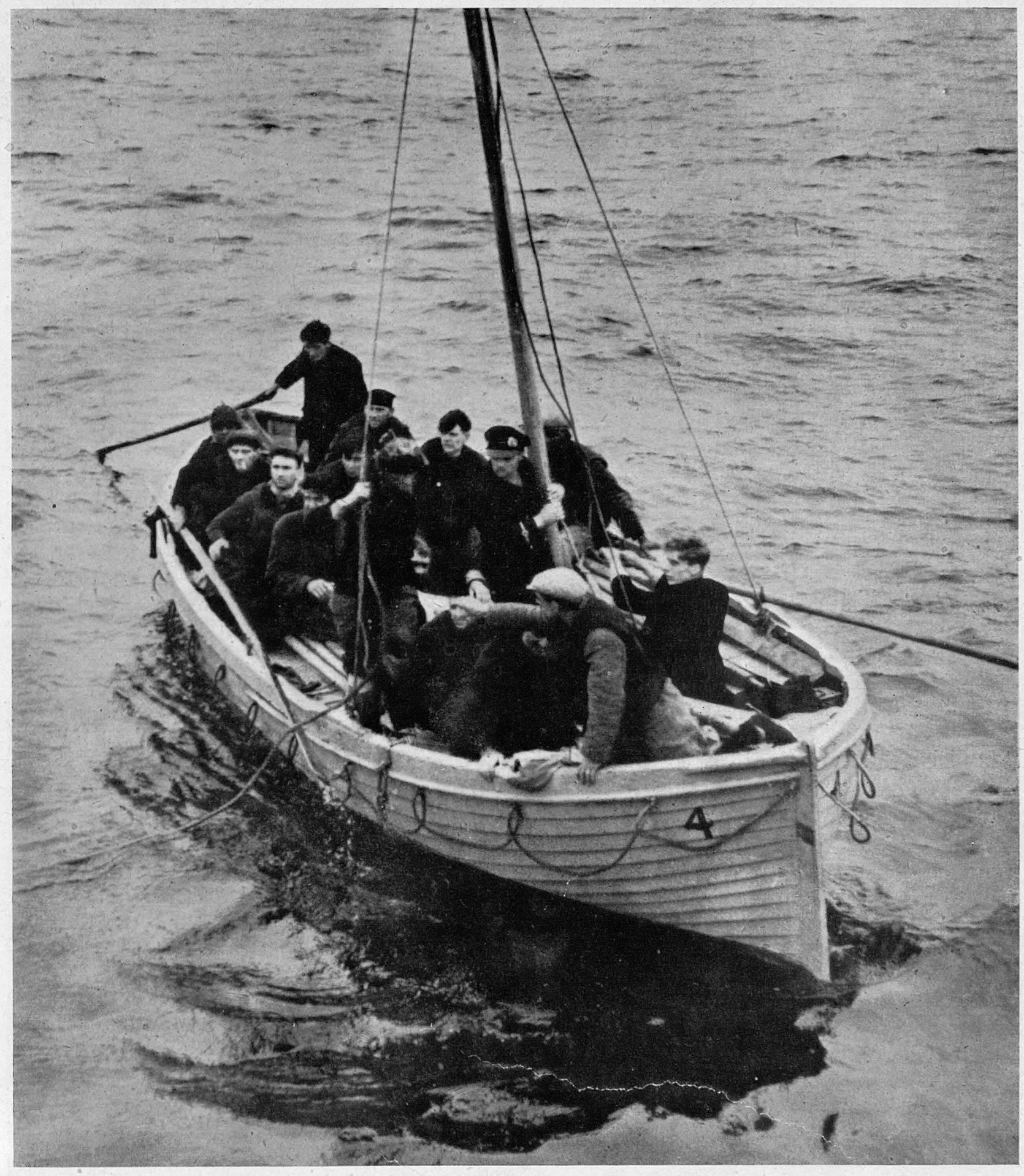

THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC GOES ON: THE RESCUE OF THE CREW OF A BRITISH MERCHANTMAN AFTER THEY HAD BEEN ADRIFT IN THE ATLANTIC FOR SIX DAYS IN A SMALL OPEN BOAT

On May 19, a British freighter, the s.s. *Marconi*, of 7,402 tons, was torpedoed by a German submarine : the merchantman was one of a convoy when she was sent to the bottom. Some of the crew managed to launch two lifeboats, and for six days they were exposed to the dangers of the Atlantic in these small craft. On the sixth day they were picked up by the cutter *General Greene*, of the United States Coastguard, which they are here seen approaching. The *General Greene* made the rescue at a point some 270 miles to the south of Greenland, after having picked up distress signals which were broadcast from a portable radio set carried in one of the lifeboats

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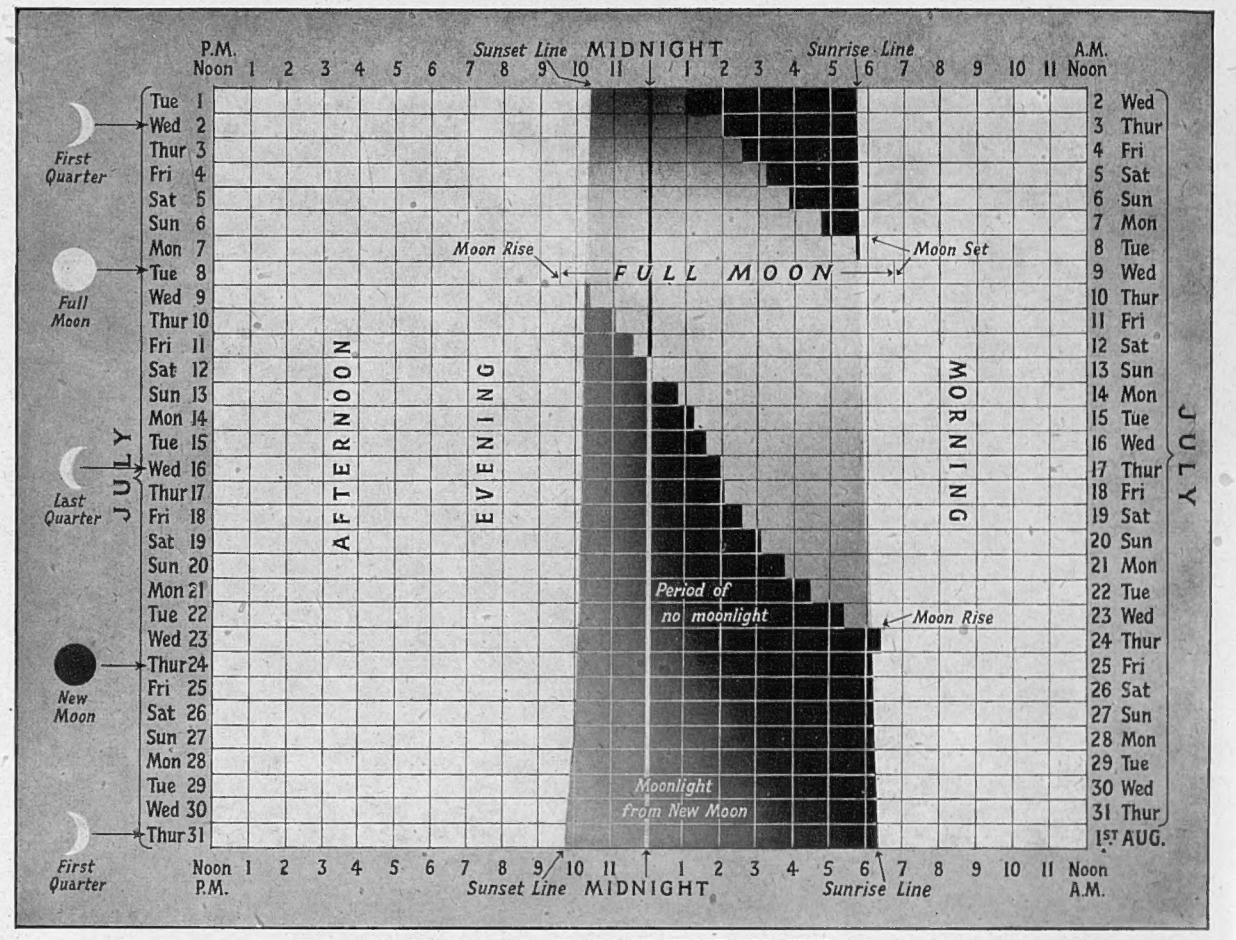
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 95

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Russia and Germany—Enigma Still.—Of all the shifts and volte-faces which Hitler has made and "explained" to Germans and to the world since his dreadful shadow first fell heavy and dark over Europe, this double-crossing of Communism must hold the palm. Nazis may accept his latest explanation, for his name is still potent in the Reich and all across enslaved Europe. Still, the terror of Hitler can turn stout hearts to water, break down the honour and dignity and common sense even of brave and patriotic leaders and breathe over clean, unspoilt country the poisoned, bitter breath of treachery and recantation and sheer cowardice. What shall be our reflections on this latest "week-end" adventure; what our estimate of loss and gain? Time was when the joining of Germany and Russia in a death-grapple seemed to us a dream too mad to toy with, poetic justice on Stalin too divine even to paint in fiction or fancy. Russia's hordes and legions, howsoever ill organised, engaging and holding (even briefly) many German divisions from far Britain, draining Nazi resources and blood, howsoever slowly and partially. . . . Stalin caught in the net he laid so cleverly for others, the cool-headed watcher caught napping at last. . . . No. Let us start with no illusions. Let us look to *our* powder and keep it dry. Russia is far away from Britain, but Russia is a back way and more, a very short cut, to this island. The leaders of our staunchest surviving "ally" in the Near East are "squared," and what Hitler wants from Russia may be quickly won, or won without serious recourse to arms, or payment may be deferred by consent, or paid as dane-geld. The Battle of Britain is still to be fought. Nothing must divert our eyes from the near horizons. And, in any case, how can *we*, who still obstinately conduct our diplomacy and base our calculations on and by old standards of international conduct and national responsibility, dare to forecast what may be in the minds of villains so deeply-dyed in trickery and guilt, even if they appear to be at death-grips? I write (as always on a new crisis) in the week-end fog. I know nothing and believe nothing, good or bad. It may be that next Sunday the Russian National Anthem will follow the Abyssinian in the national musical-box! It may be the new war will be over or postponed. This only I will say. If Germany means business and Russia means to resist; if for only three months 100 Russian divisions bloodily oppose as many Nazi divisions in "all-in" battle, *then* I shall believe that the hand of God on June 22, 1941, struck a decisive blow. From this date (at least we may confidently assert) no man of any race, outside a madhouse and capable of the simple processes of thought, could hereafter regard Hitler as anything but a mad dog, still terrifying to the coward and to the weak, but utterly beyond the pales of any realm having *any* standards of reason, consistency and honour, or even the bare instinct for self-preservation. The rest to-day is one large ?.

"Radio Location."—If Sir Philip Joubert's disclosure about the effect of radio location on night bombing is not "the best news yet," then some more desperate blunders have been permitted. The undesirability of high serving officers giving private opinions to the public, based on their confidential knowledge, has been proved more than once. The giving away of secrets to the public is a crime in the Press and must therefore be a crime double-dyed in a Service Commander. Therefore, what Sir Philip said must have been deliberately authorised by the Government as fit and proper for public knowledge, and if half of what he claimed for the radio devices be true, then it is true that the fearful affliction of night-bombing is already greatly alleviated, and the problem half-solved. This must imply more practical results than mere optimism. It is to be fairly assumed that Sir Philip told us nothing that the Germans do not already know of our secret device, and that in telling us so much the Government intended us to accept the news as a real advance. Ergo, it must have realised that exuberant optimists would soon act upon it, and return to their homes in bombed cities. This is the only reasonable explanation, and also a fairly logical estimate of the result of the extraordinary disclosure made by Sir Philip.



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR JULY

The dark band denoting the hours of darkness begins to widen perceptibly towards its base, the days becoming shorter as the month progresses. The dim rays of the moon's first quarter will be visible in the sky on the night of the 2nd, while the full moon appears on the 8th, rising almost an hour before sunset and setting an hour after sunrise on the morning of the 9th. On that night there will be no dark period, and the evening sky will be illuminated both by the setting sun and the rising moon. The last quarter appears in the early morning of the 17th, rising at 2 a.m. After the 23rd, there comes a period of no moonlight till the 31st, when the first quarter is again visible in the sky

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

A Footnote to the Rochester Speech. — Of all Mr. Churchill's speeches the broadcast to Rochester University revealed more of his mind to-day than any previous speech I can recall. The *urgency* of a 100 per cent. aid from America was made as clear as possible. No doubt remains of what is to-day in the Premier's heart and dearest hope, and that hope goes further than it went when he spoke of "Give us the tools and we will finish the job." Mr. Churchill knows the facts at this hour. We can only guess them. Time goes marching along. I remind America of the last stanza of their battle hymn, written by Julia Howe. America talks through her Ministers daily with more courage and bluntness. She works and plans for us and her noble and vast output daily increases. And meanwhile Britons die for freedom.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ
was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that
transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, *let
us die to make men free*,
While God is marching on."

Even now the vital sphere of war has reached the birthplace of Christ . . . and the time is short.

The Egg Control Absurdity. — Lord Woolton has bowed before the storm of irritation aroused by a bungling and unimaginative "bright idea" of one of his assistants. Perhaps no "bright idea" in the history of war restriction was ever so completely devoid of common sense, knowledge of the British character, vision, imagination and practical politics. That is saying a good deal, but not too much. The back-yarder with fifteen to twenty hens will after all be suffered to keep some of his hard-won eggs for his family and dependants. These hens have in the past months survived only by the desperate sacrifices and expedients of their owners, and their output of eggs has fallen by 50 per cent. from poor feeding. Here is a tell-tale table of statistics: 17 hens. Residents in house and cottage to supply, 14. Weekly output of eggs during the four weeks round June 1, 35, 33, 17, 19. Average, 26. This figure does not supply two eggs per week per person; and now the *natural* decline in output will continue. The output ought to have been better, you say? You should have seen the nature and amount of the available feeding stuffs. In a word, an egregious blunder has been avoided by public outcry.

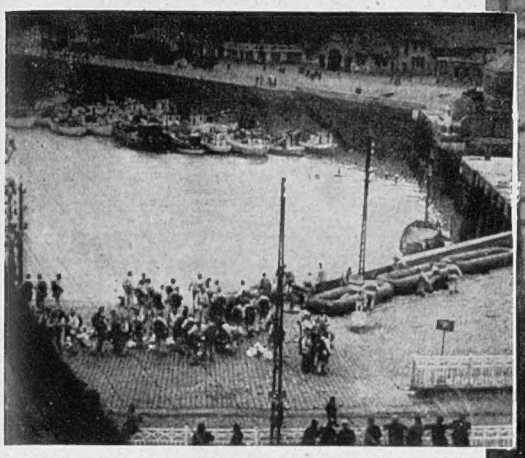
Information and So On.— Small wonder if there is for ever a "crisis" in the Ministry of Information and forever a "scandal" about the allied services, centralised and in the departments. The Ministry is the best-hated and most criticised that this war has produced and we look in vain for any good that it can offer to counter the vast expenditure of public money. In the individual departments the list of chief salary-earners as information officers, public relation officers and so forth, made melancholy reading enough. The Squander-mania of 1916-19 is no dead letter and there are plenty of salaries to be picked up by those who know how to get in on the ground floor. I confess that I for one should heave a sigh of relief if this Augean stable could be cleaned up and the whole question of information to Press and public, to neutrals and allies and enemies, be reconsidered, and the business handed over to a director whom we can all trust and look up to, a man controlling a small, tidy department, not a congeries of secret, water-tight compartments all working on different theories and policies. It is a pity that the Premier has no time to discover how bitterly and deeply this business of information has burned itself on the public mind and how much irritation it causes.

Tom Brown's—and Ours. —That centenary match at Rugby between the School and the M.C.C. was *English* in vital essence, if it was not played in the England which survived in patches, obstinately the same as in Tom Brown's days, until 1939. Was ever any fixture so characteristically English as that centenary match, the resolve to keep the date, scorning the obstacles, to keep to the original as near as might be, to keep the war and the things that are permanent in their proper places, to refuse to be beat by circumstances, to avoid by all means disappointing the schoolboys? I doubt not, if the demand had been made upon them, Mr. Aistabie's centenary successor-team would have turned out to dance with spirit on the field of play. Much has altered in old England for better and for worse, in the public schools and in the wider sphere of social life, but the men that were boys and the boys that will be men are in essentials the same; and therein lies our hope of to-day and to-morrow.

Harry Tennent. —I read with great sorrow of the death of Harry Tennent. Only the other day I wrote (in an article on "Saki") of his delightful singing and sketches at the "Afters" in various colleges when I was at Oxford, and how he and Christopher Stone and Bill Mercer and Jack Gilliat were the bones and beak of those jolly entertainments. And so I thought of him as an exact contemporary, but it appears that he was some years senior to me and my contemporaries. I often played hockey with him, we both turned out for the "Occasionals" in Oxford and elsewhere and whenever I met him I fell under the spell of his ready sympathy and his sad and quite charming smile. He made a great name and niche for himself in the World of London Entertainment. For several years he was General Manager of Drury Lane and he directed his own play-producing company with notable success. He knew everybody in Theatreland and the World of Music, and everyone knew and therefore liked him. Indeed, his charm was hard to resist.

THE OLD STAGER

INVASION!

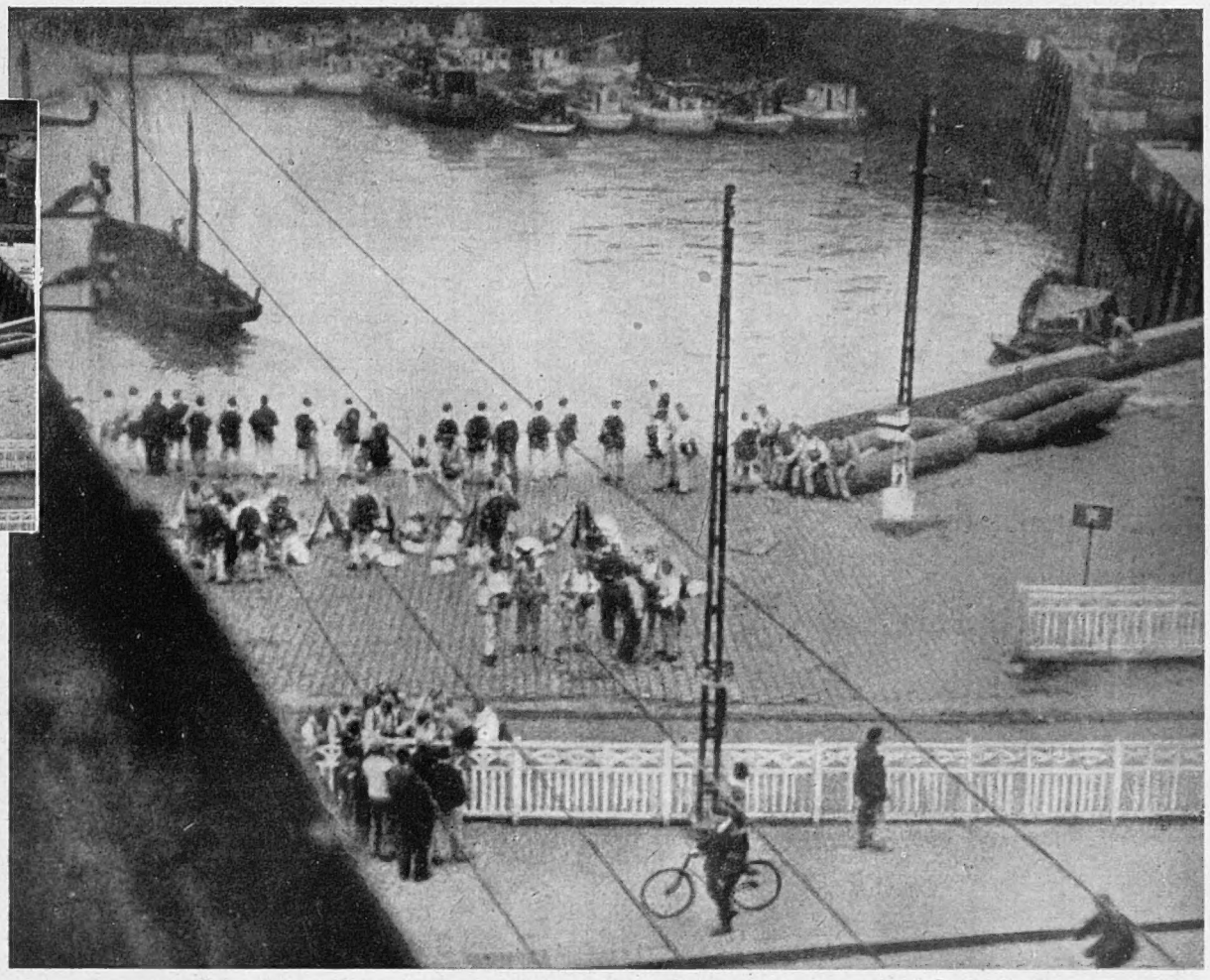


1. PART OF THE "INVASION FLEET" In the Harbour at Dieppe

THESE amazing pictures, smuggled out of Occupied France, were taken last autumn at Dieppe: they are the first pictorial evidence of how serious the threat of invasion was last year. The pictures were taken from an attic overlooking the harbour, the only other witnesses of the strange scene being conscripted dock labourers.

Last September, Mr. Winston Churchill warned the country that Germany was massing barges and ships. To counter this threat, the R.A.F. launched a terrific series of attacks, pouring hundreds of tons of high explosive and thousands of incendiaries on docks and harbours and laden barges and ships. At this time—notably in America—stories went the round that an actual attempt had been made to invade Britain, but that it had ended in disaster.

In the first picture reproduced here, part of the "Invasion Fleet" is seen moored against the harbour wall at Dieppe—a variety of small craft; on the water front are a number of Nazi troops harnessed with strange equipment: lined up near at hand are four rubber rafts, inflated for troop-carrying. In the second picture one of the boats is backing in, and the German soldiers are getting ready to embark: one of the rubber rafts, it will be noted, has gone. The third picture shows the same boat, this time crammed to capacity, setting off: the rubber boat, too, is carrying a maximum load. The three pictures reproduced here were all taken at sundown: the photographer reports that by nightfall *all* the boats were jammed with troops. Then the R.A.F. came over . . . and next morning the water was covered with charred bodies!



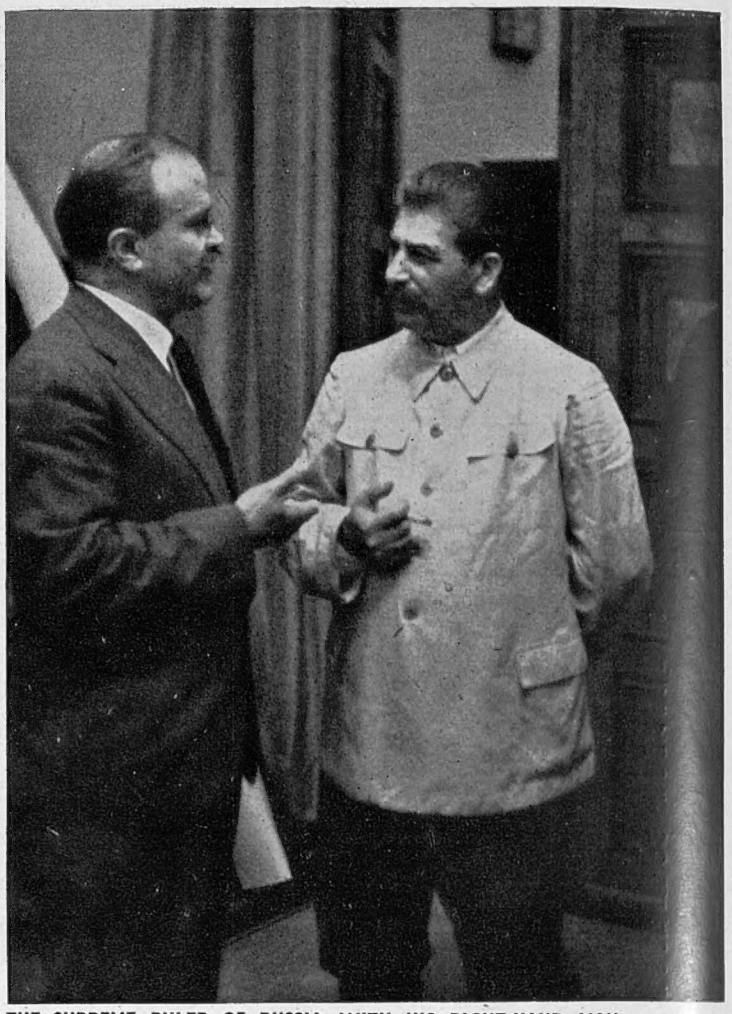
2. THE FIRST BOAT BACKS IN—and the German "Invaders" get Ready to Embark on the Frail Craft

3. CRAMMED FULL WITH NAZI INVADERS, THE OVERLOADED BOAT SETS OUT FROM DIEPPE HARBOUR: A rubber raft (formerly on the quayside, but now also carrying a maximum load), is setting out as well

RUSSIA AT WAR WITH GERMANY

IN COMMAND OF THE RED ARMY : Marshal Semyou Timoshenko, the ex-peasant soldier, succeeded Voroshilov in 1940. He is the Soviet's Commander-in-Chief, and in control of ten million men

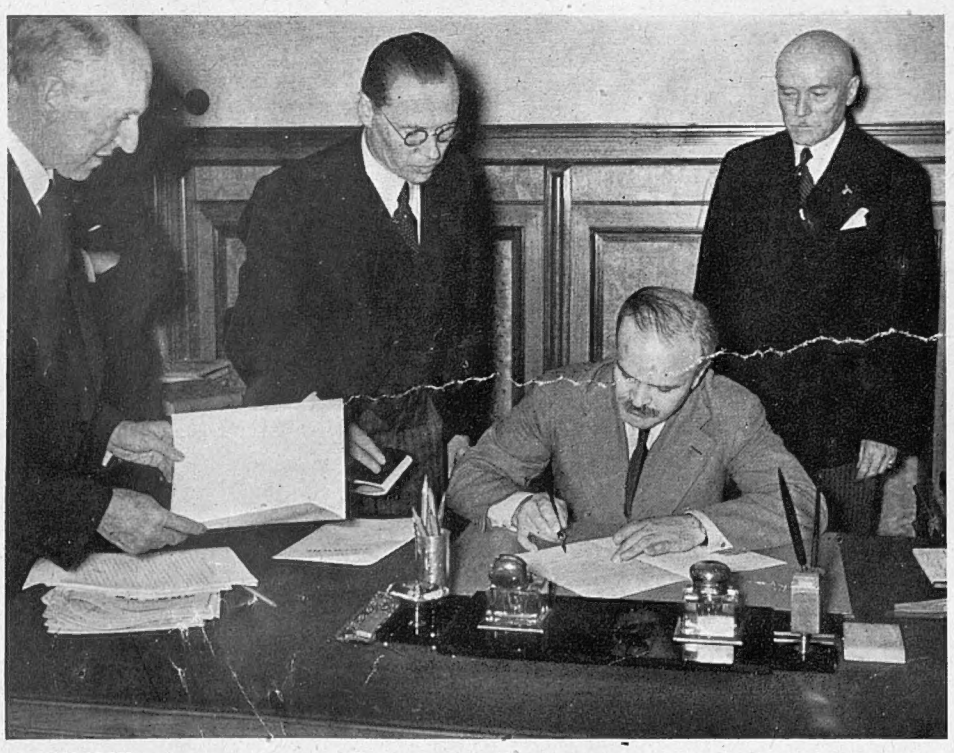
IN COMMAND OF THE RED NAVY : Admiral N. Kuznetsov is thirty-nine years of age. He is in charge of the four Soviet fleets—in the Baltic, Black Sea, Arctic and Pacific



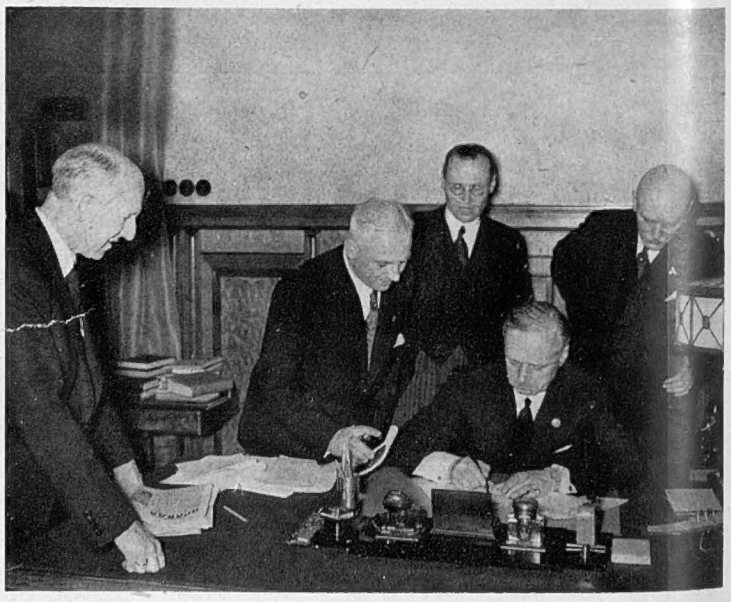
THE SUPREME RULER OF RUSSIA, WITH HIS RIGHT-HAND MAN : It is only within the last few months (when German designs on Russia were becoming clear) that Joseph Stalin took over the Premiership. Up till then Molotov had been in nominal occupation of that office. Now Molotov is Vice-Premier; it was he who signed the Non-Aggression Pact with Germany

THE TYPE OF MEN WHO MAKE UP THE RED ARMY : The Commander-in-Chief, Marshal Timoshenko, is here seen addressing a gathering of Russian officers and men. It is claimed that the present Red Army is of a different calibre from that of Tsarist Russia : the next few weeks will probably demonstrate how good the new army really is as a fighting force against the German invaders

THE MEN WHO WILL MAN THE RUSSIAN TANKS : It is upon her vast force of tanks —said to be the biggest in the world—that the Russian Army will greatly depend during her campaign against Germany



M. MOLOTOV, whose pro-German views are stated to be pronounced and who was then Russian Foreign Minister, signs the Non-Aggression Pact with Germany in the Kremlin at Moscow

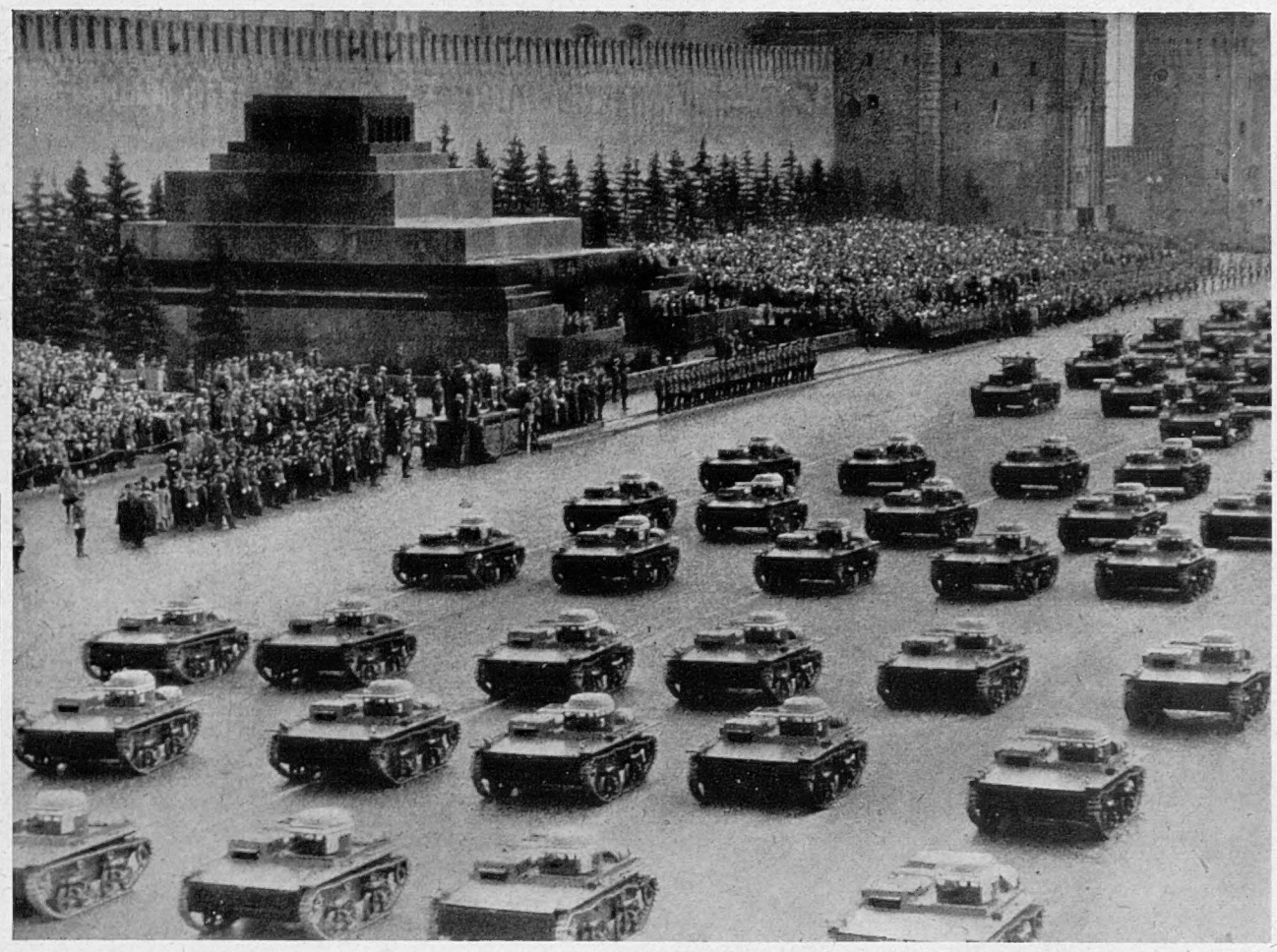


VON RIBBENTROP signs the Pact at Moscow on behalf of Germany

It was only on August 22, 1939, that a startled world learned of the Non-Aggression Pact, signed by Russia and Germany. Now Russia finds herself in mortal danger—Pact or no Pact! The two pictures reproduced here were published in this journal on September 2, 1939; on the left, M. Molotov is appending his signature to the worthless Pact, with German Legation Secretary Holger ready with the blotting-pad; above, Ribbentrop is signing. The German Ambassador to Moscow, Graf von der Schulenberg, is on the right in both pictures

CHIEF OF THE RED AIR FORCE : Lieut-General Pavel Rychagov, who is said to have 10,000 first-line aircraft at his disposal

DEPUTY COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF : Marshal Budenny, the leader of the Russian Cavalry, and a dashing Army Commander

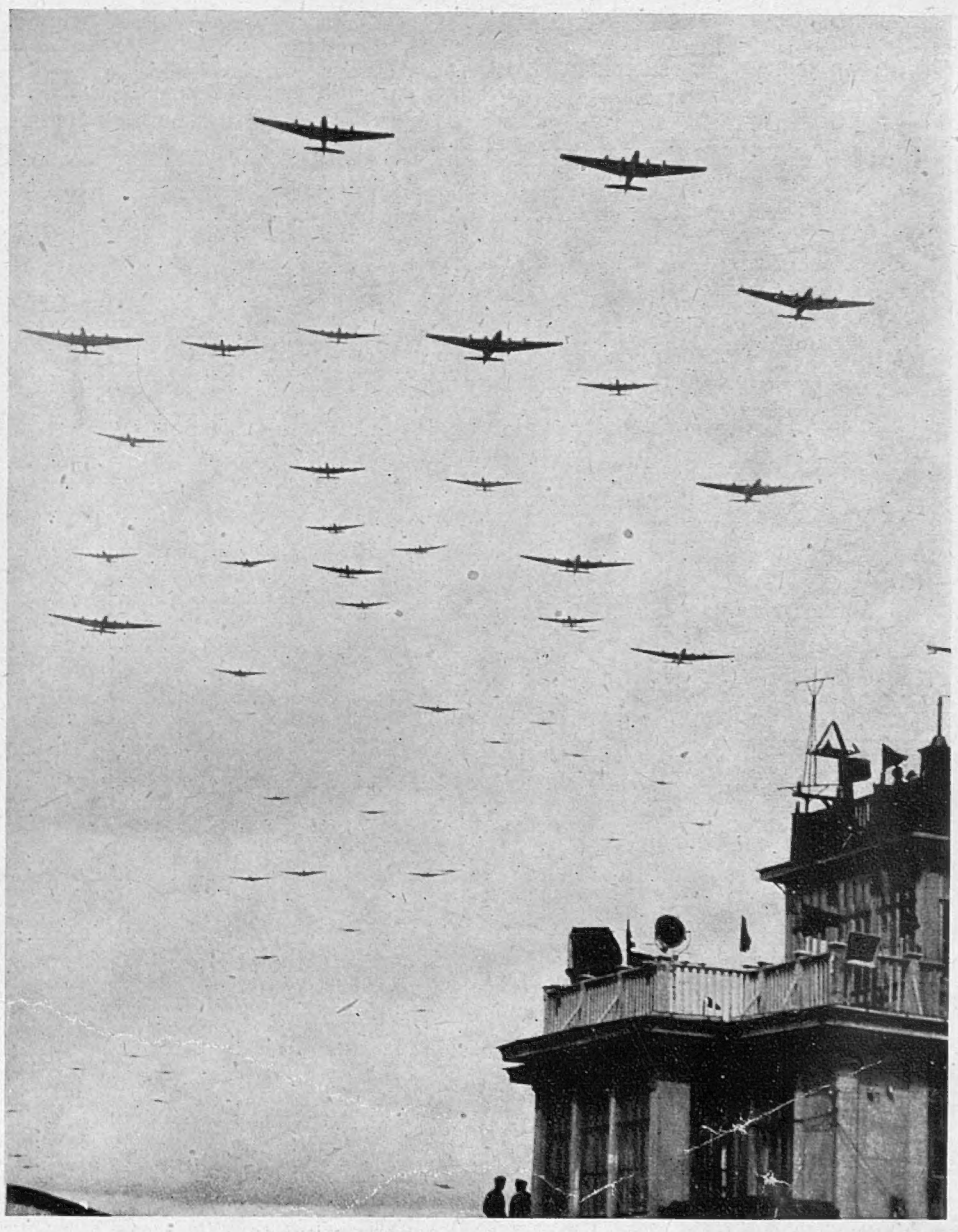


A DISPLAY OF RUSSIAN MIGHT IN ARMY TANKS : It is generally believed that Russia's strength in tanks is even greater than Germany's : it is certain that in numbers, at least, she is very strong. But the age, armour and equipment of these mechanised monsters are what count : and at the moment there is little reliable evidence available on these points. For years Russia has pushed forward with tank development, and at every military review thousands of them have been paraded before the assembled representatives of foreign Powers. The new and modern factories throughout the Soviet could, on a war footing, turn out many hundreds of these important war machines : nor would suitable crews be lacking amongst the many thousands of keen young Russians

RUSSIAN SAILORS ON PARADE : In the last war, it was the sailors who were the more dashing of Russia's armed forces—and the more revolutionary !

INFANTRYMEN OF THE RED ARMY : Wearing their new summer-time equipment of short jackets, breeches and top-boots

CRACK RUSSIAN PARACHUTE TROOPS : There are some 100,000 of these crack troops ; and they are thought to be the best in the world. It was in Russia that the parachute idea was first born long before the present war

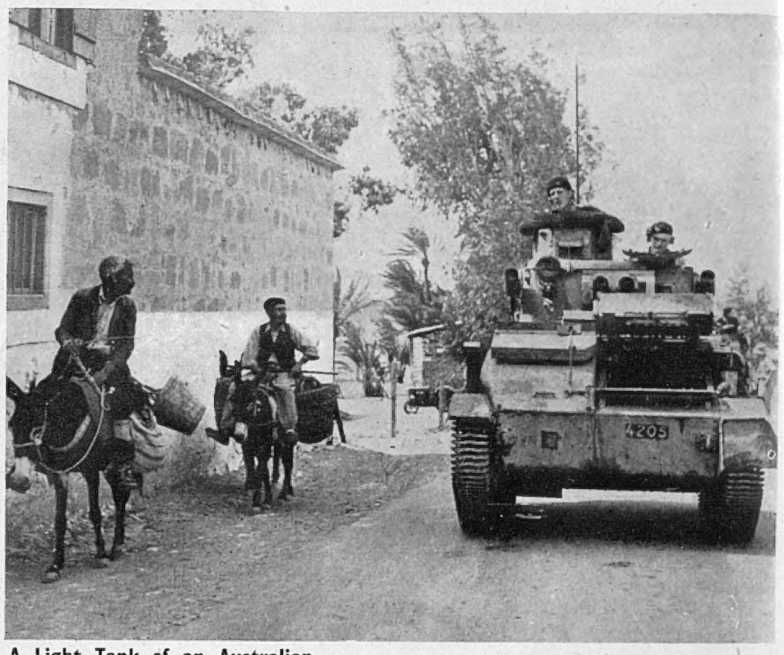


RUSSIAN BOMBERS GIVE A DEMONSTRATION FLIGHT OVER MOSCOW : In aircraft the Russians are thought to be amongst the strongest in the world—in numbers. Their fighters are probably not up to modern requirements in speed and armament ; but it is in bombers such as the above that the Russians could demonstrate the horrors of war to the Germans. With their huge aircraft, the whole of East Prussia and the Berlin area could be laid open to assault at night : many of the Russian bombing planes are big four-engined aircraft, capable of a long range of action with heavy loads of bombs

BRITISH MERCHANTMEN ARE REACHING THE ISLAND: A view of one of the docks in Cyprus, showing a whole fleet of steamers discharging their cargoes to the shore warehouses under the eyes of British guards—*This is an Official War Office Photograph*

The LATEST PICTURES from CYPRUS

THIS IS A PLEASING SIGHT TO THE CYPRIOTES: British light tanks (of which there are now a number) passing through one of the villages on the island



A Light Tank of an Australian Cavalry Regiment passing through an island village

It may be that Hitler's attack on Russia may mean a postponement of the attack on Cyprus, the British island in the Eastern Mediterranean, which may be regarded as an outpost of Syria. But the British authorities are, apparently, taking no chances. As the official War Office pictures reproduced here show, stores are now being unloaded on the island; and light tanks are already in evidence through the Cypriote villages. The Governor of Cyprus has, hitherto, also been the commander-in-chief; under the conditions of modern warfare, however, it may be found desirable to separate the civil and military responsibilities in the case of an attempted invasion. The present Governor is Sir William Denis Battershill

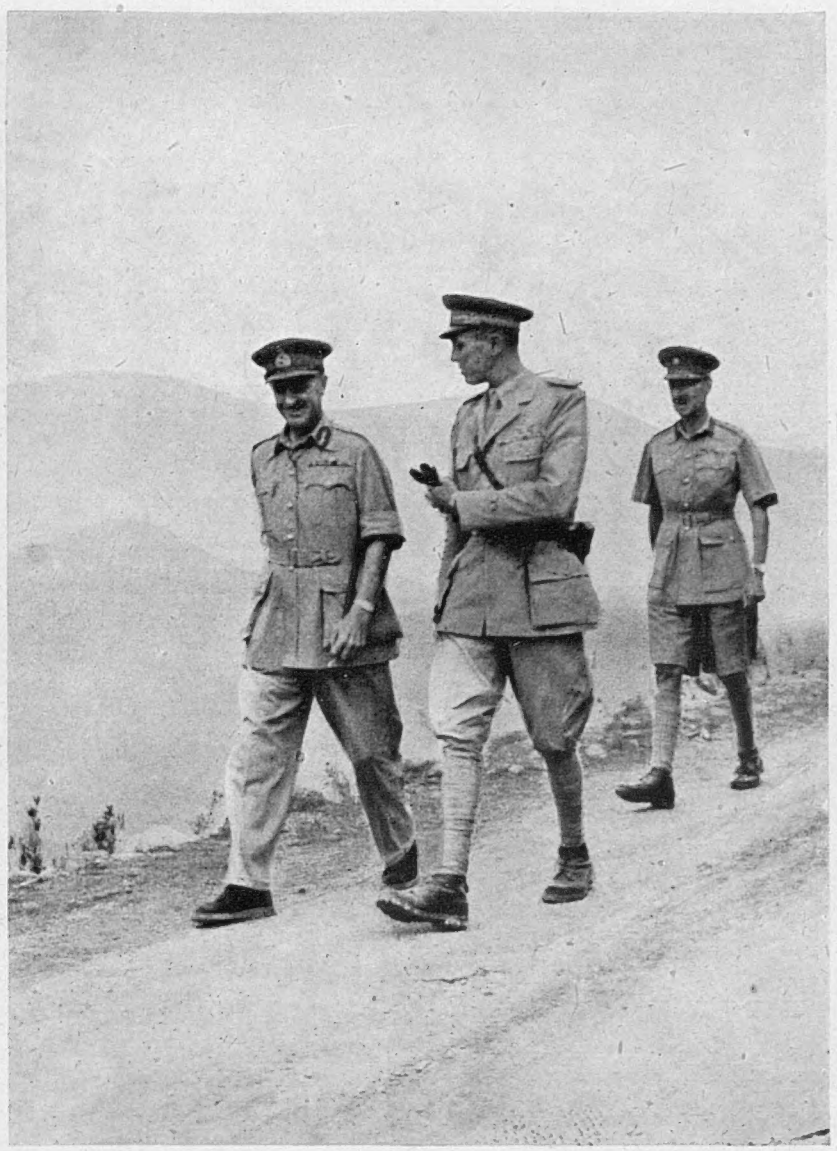
The Governor of Cyprus takes a peep through an anti-tank gun's sights

The DUKE of AOSTA GIVES UP

The Surrender of Italy's Viceroy in Abyssinia at Amba Alagi

AFTER HIS SURRENDER : The Duke (who was Commander-in-Chief of all Italy's East African Forces) in British hands

On May 20, the Duke of Aosta formally surrendered himself at Amba Alagi—on the very day that the little King at Rome had conferred on him the Golden Medal for valour in the field. With the Duke were five Italian generals and a number of senior staff officers. The Duke of Aosta had been Viceroy of Abyssinia and Commander-in-Chief of all the Italian forces in East Africa: his surrender followed on the capitulation of his army at Amba Alagi, the mountain fortress to which General Cunningham had driven him. Here, deep in the mountain-side, a cave had been dug where the Duke spent his last days: when he came down he was as neatly clad as ever, even down to his gloves. He is now interned as a prisoner-of-war in Kenya



THE DUKE COMES DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS AT AMBA ALAGI, where he lived during the last stages of his campaign in a cave dug into the hillside

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE WHERE THE DUKE OF AOSTA LIVED ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN AT AMBA ALAGI : This picture was taken after the Duke's surrender and after British and Indian troops had taken over the post

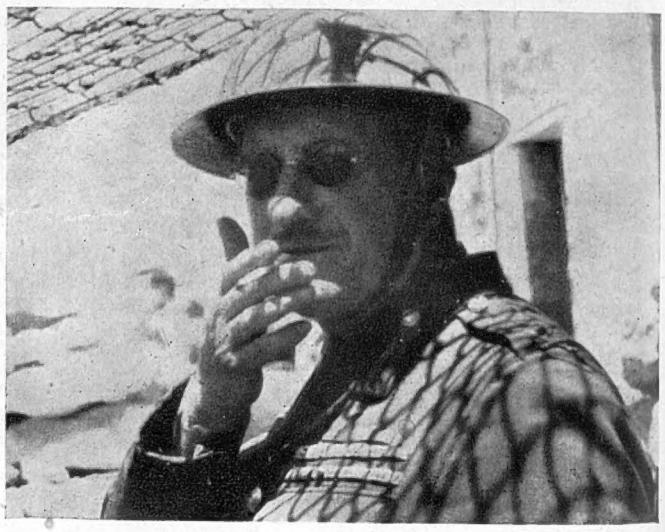
LIKE FLIES STUCK ON A FLY-PAPER : An amazing view of Maleme aerodrome after the Germans had crash-landed and wrecked scores of their big troop-carrying aircraft

How the GERMANS CAME

The two amazing pictures reproduced here were taken by R.A.F. photographers over Maleme aerodrome in Crete, after its occupation by the Germans. In the upper picture over sixty aircraft can be counted on the landing-ground; and it would be safe to say that each and every one was damaged in some way. Some of them (as the lower picture corroborates) will never fly again—wings, fuselages and engines have been shattered beyond repair; most, if not all, have wrecked undercarriages, due to the reckless manner in which the aircraft were crash-landed. In order to get a proportion of the air-borne troops landed quickly, lives and aeroplanes were thrown away by the hundred. The planes landed through the British barrage in the initial stages of the struggle, and it is estimated that, during this phase, only one in three survived; later, plane after plane crash-landed on the actual aerodrome and in the surrounding fields. Through it all, however, a clear space was kept as a landing-run for the never-ending procession (as seen in the upper picture). Bombing raids by the R.A.F. caused a lot of further damage to aircraft and aerodrome, and the shell craters seen in the lower picture bear witness to the accuracy of our bomb-aimers

THE LANDING-GROUND AT MALEME STREWN WITH THE WRECKAGE OF GERMAN AIRCRAFT : Many of them are without wings or fuselages, and shell-holes pit the aerodrome

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN CRETE : The two expressive pictures given above and below were taken during the heat of the battle for Crete : they show General Freyberg, V.C., who commanded the Allied forces on the island. *Above*, the General exhibits a grim visage as he gazes over the trench parapet in the direction of the German advance ; and *below*, he enjoys a cigarette during a momentary lull in the fighting



"THE DEVELOPMENT OF THAT WIRELESS CONNECTION . . . WHICH THE GERMANS HAVE CARRIED TO SUCH AN EXTRAORDINARY POINT OF PERFECTION": In these words the Prime Minister summed up one of the most amazing aspects of the Crete invasion—*It is here summarised in a drawing by Roland Davies*

"Never has wireless been used to such an extent as in Crete to control manœuvres. Contact between land forces and aircraft reconnoitring or bombing above them was continuous," so wrote *The Times*. And here is an account by an Australian officer: "The Germans had evidently planned everything to the minutest detail. The areas on which the troops landed had been very thoroughly bombed beforehand, and as soon as the troops came down they dived into shell-craters, where they lay protected from our answering fire. . . ." German officers—key men—watched the progress of the battle and by radio reported to the planes above which, in turn, were able to detail bombers, dive-bombers or fighters to points where they were needed. The whole of the operations depicted by Mr. Davies above are described in detail by Mr. Gribble in his article below

The SKY MEN of CRETE: *A Story of the Air-borne Invasion—With a Moral . . .*

By LEONARD R. GRIBBLE

"*ACHTUNG!*"

The officer's voice rose above the roar of the Junkers 52's engines. Pale, grim-set faces turned towards him.

At that moment the plane banked, avoiding the flak from a British warship in Suda Bay, below. Shoulders hunched, the officer continued giving his final instructions before opening the fuselage hatch and sending his men whirling into space. Space filled with bursting pom-pom shells and tearing specks of bullets.

Each sky trooper in the plane knew what he had to do; he had been trained over long, arduous months, until he was part perfect. Only a few seconds, and the plane would drop its human cargo—seconds punctuated by the explosions of the diving Stukas' bombs and the shells of the ground defences. In the brown Cretan fields and the leafy olive groves a grim battle was being fought. Patches of white dotted the earth, like giant puff-balls, where other paratroops had landed.

The observer spoke to the pilot, who turned and signalled to the officer behind. The officer bent over the hatch.

Down through the opening slid the sky men, one after the other, with almost clockwork precision. Their 'chutes snapped open, and their headlong-falling bodies were jerked to and fro like so many corks in a stream. Earthwards they sailed, pedalling madly with their legs to control the rate of descent, and after them floated 'chutes of other colours—red, yellow, blue—like strange aerial blossoms.

All those who reached the ground alive at once began struggling to free themselves of the parachute cords. It was their most vulnerable moment. Several twitched, and lay still. The others, free, scrambled to their feet and ran to where the coloured parachutes had landed. These had carried their equipment.

These men were crack sky troops. They didn't waste a moment. On their uniforms they wore the five birds of first-flight paratroops. Theirs was the most important operation of the whole air invasion.

They set up machine-guns, positioned themselves under cover of a hillock, and unslung their portable radio sets. They took bearings through field-glasses, and, having made radio contact with the following flights of troop-carriers, began detailing the ebb and flow of battle. They watched the descent of the sky infantry, men with only two or three birds on their uniforms, armed with grenades and tommy-guns, and through their glasses followed the course of these troops' attack. They reported where the attack failed.

Planes turned in that direction, and reinforcements sailed down towards the fields and rutted roads.

The resistance of the defenders was bitter, and the air hosts suffered heavily. Planes fell in flames from the sky. The riddled bodies of air troops fell in trees and were broken against rocky crags. But the flow of radio reports did not cease. Planes that had unloaded troops turned and attacked the defenders' positions with machine-gun fire before making back to the mainland. And always the dive-bombers were attacking, attacking.

Co-operation between ground forces and the swarms of the *Luftwaffe* was maintained.

Here a village was taken, there a bomb-scarred airfield. Here a hill position was lost, there a group of black-crossed Junkers was pounded by artillery. Losses in material and men mounted, but other planes arrived, more parachutes dotted the sky, and soon numbers began to tell, a front was established, and the radios sent out the long-awaited signal.

The "tank"-carriers were dispatched and with them the planes towing gliders crammed with more troops.

Under cover of darkness, gliders were unhooked and planes crash-landed, while the grounded "tank"-carriers ran out their ramps and the air-borne *Panzer* units took the field, ready for the coming dawn, and a fresh advance.

The stream of radio reports continued to flow. Troops occupied a strip of land some 20 miles long from near Maleme airport to somewhere west of Suda Bay. A move was made towards Heraklion. Farther away crack Alpine troops made for the mountains north of Sphakia.

The radio observers covered and reported every move. It was work they had learned on manœuvres in Germany and had practised in Poland and Flanders and the Low Countries. They were the cog that co-ordinated the movements of the vast invasion machine. They kept the ground forces in touch with each other. They kept the *Luftwaffe* hordes informed of the state of battle. They were the link between air and land. Had that link snapped the story might have ended differently.

But the link did not snap. Or if it did, if one was blotted out by the fierce fire of the slowly retreating Imperial troops and the stubborn Cretans and Greeks, there were others to maintain the vital connection.

When the advance got under way and gained momentum the various radio links of the German paratroops joined up into an unbreakable chain. Then the wave of invasion became a tidal wave that engulfed the entire island. Under cover of a grim and courageous rear-guard action fought by the Royal Marines, the Imperial troops were evacuated by the gallant *Perth* and her consorts, and another chapter in this strangest of wars was closed.

But back in England people were disturbed because they saw in this fresh demonstration of Germany's air-borne invasion efficiency a possible problem for which we had no tried and ready-made answer. Parliament met to debate Crete, and the Prime Minister made a full and considered statement before a somewhat restive House.

That statement cleared the air as effectively as a thunderstorm on a close summer's night. It did so because it contained a promise. The promise was made in the course of a reply to a question.

The Prime Minister was asked if the Army would in future have co-operation planes under its own command.

"Certainly," Mr Churchill replied in a ringing voice. "It is our intention to provide the Army with a considerably larger number of aeroplanes suited entirely to the work they have to do, and above all," he added, emphasising his words, "with the development of that wireless connection between ground forces, the air, and the military which the Germans have carried to such an extraordinary point of perfection."

In short, the lesson of Crete had been well learned. The secret of the efficiency of the German paratroops was a secret no longer.

Therein lies strong reason to hope that the next time those sky troops with five-winged birds on their tunic collars bale out they will not prove so effective as they did among the olive groves and tilled fields of the island that provided Europe with its first "civilisation."

IN AN OPERATIONS ROOM OF FIGHTER COMMAND: THIS IS THE FIRST PICTURE EVER TAKEN OF THIS VERY SECRET CENTRE. Situated many feet below ground, senior officers in the gallery watch the movements of aircraft over the map below, whilst girl "plotters" of the W.A.A.F. constantly record the information received by telephone

A CLOSE-UP PICTURE OF THE "PLOTTERS" AT WORK: Each girl has headphones through which she receives messages from the detection posts. These are immediately recorded on the large-scale table-maps, and the positions of the incoming aircraft are then noted by the officers in the gallery above

RADIOLOCATION VERSUS THE BOMBER

—A series of official Air Ministry pictures

The closest-guarded secret of the war has just been revealed by the R.A.F. It is "Radiolocation," by means of which our fighting aircraft are sent to the exact spot where a raiding bomber is lurking, and, if conditions are favourable, send it hurtling to its doom. The invention, for which credit has been awarded to Mr. R. A. Watson Watt, an expert on the weather and on radio, enables radio waves to be sent out—even in darkness or in fog—for many miles through the ether and thus reveal the position of Nazi bombers or even ships. On striking any solid object in their path the waves send back reflections, and from these scientific calculations are made which give the location of the enemy aircraft or war vessel. The actual "gadget" invented by Mr. Watt is still a close secret, and details of its construction and operation are not being made public.

The Radiolocators are maintained by highly skilled radio mechanics and are manned by R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. personnel. At Headquarters the Radiolocator's messages, and those of the Royal Observer Corps, are communicated instantly to R.A.F. Operations Rooms, where they are plotted on large table-maps, as shown in the accompanying pictures. Since the war, this newest of our secret weapons has been developed at such a speed that thousands of men and women are now being required to operate it; 3,000 members of the W.A.A.F. are being trained for this purpose, and another 2,000 are needed at once. The Royal Navy and the Army are also in want of thousands of operators—and within the next twelve months a total personnel of 20,000 will be needed

THESE GIRL OPERATORS OF THE W.A.A.F. are plotting the movement of German raiders. They have been specially selected and trained

A WIRELESS OPERATOR AT THE CONTROL DESK of one of the transmitting stations of the R.A.F. employed on Radiolocation

A MECHANIC AT THE MAIN SWITCHBOARD OF A POWER-GENERATING STATION: Millions of pounds have already been spent on Radiolocation—in the provision of equipment and in the training of personnel; but the results already achieved in this direction have more than compensated for the outlay

EVEN A SPLIT SECOND COUNTS if the fighters are to intercept the enemy. Consequently, much depends on the skill and accuracy of these specially-trained telephone operators

FRANCE: TO BOMB OR NOT TO BOMB?

There are Areas in France which are Being Built Up into a Big Arsenal for Hitler: Should the War Factories be Allowed to go Unmolested in this All-in, Totalitarian, Warfare?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT 'S a pity that the Ministry of Economic Warfare has a reputation for over-optimism as exemplified in its recurrent joke about German oil reserves. The department's tendency is the more in need of close checking, because Dr. Dalton's men represent our Intelligence rampart against not the least, if one of the least noticed, of current dangers.

I refer to the possibility of Hitler having in the past year assembled on the quiet an immensity of striking weapons from the factories of captive or beholden countries, in addition to the output of Greater Germany itself. Time and again we 've had evidence that Hitler is pressing everyone he can into his war production, and I confess that one of my anxieties is that we have not made due allowance for this slave and near-slave output, and may in consequence one day suffer a blow whose magnitude will stagger in two senses.

The M.E.W.'s *raison d'être* is to combat Hitler's war-waging potential, not only by steering the blockade, but by every means that suggests itself. In the Ministry are files and indexes purporting to show the latest position in regard to war production in every land subservient to, or feeding, Hitler's machine. Does an over-optimism invade the Ministry's appreciation of the growth of this machine? I am inclined to think so, from what happened during an inquiry with respect to this article. This took me to Free French Headquarters, where we discussed the infinitely delicate matter of—to bomb or not to bomb certain French war plant. At one stage I suggested that, by way of a start, a black list of French factories should be drawn up *of those factories capable of doing us the most urgent hurt now*, and that their workers should be informed by radio and leaflet of that precise fact.

"Not a bad notion," came the answer, "but that concerns the Ministry of Economic Warfare. We have no such list here, or we might be tempted to broadcast it as a deterrent."

Why has Free France no such list? Because it didn't ask for it? That 's no answer, either.

Now, the position in France is clear enough. A well-named French industrialist, Le Hideux, has fixed up a Vichy-Nazi deal which "will give back their income to 800,000 French families in the automobile industry." Of course, one can see the *Tout Paris* shortly awheel again! *No*—that "automobile industry" can make some of the deadliest machines and accessories for use against Britain, and French people concerned should here and now be told that they cannot have it both ways—that if they cannot among themselves evolve ways of easing up such deadly production, other means will have to be found by those who suffer from it. We want to raise France again to her full stature. We cannot do this, or be expected indefinitely to try, if French people loosely provide the tools for Hitler to bash us over the head.

The stage at present reached is set forth in recent French broadcasts from London, from which I quote: "The Germans are boasting that their orders to our factories have gone up by two-thirds in one month. These orders are chiefly for engines, motors, automobiles, machine-tools, chemical and electrical apparatus. The Germans rejoice because in this manner French plant, technicians and workers labour for their war. Every engine, every motor made in France, will aid German army transport. Motors will go into aircraft and tanks. The machine-tools will turn out shells. . . . Things must be recognised for what they are. This is French military collaboration.

"But if we ask you to open your eyes, that 's not to say we ask you to do the impossible. We don't ask all those who have no option between obeying and dying of hunger to refuse and to cross their arms. No! We fully understand the position in which so many French people find themselves. But if there are any who can escape from the terrible dilemma and exist without being useful to the enemy, then let them know that it is their duty to do so. And if there are people who can help other Frenchmen to live without their being obliged to serve Germany, let such ones go to it, let them make every sacrifice, knowing that the future will bring full reward.

"As for those who cannot do other than work for the enemy — because they and their families must eat—let such ones never forget for an instant, throughout the hours of work, that the product of their labour will be turned against themselves, that it is destined to enslave them for ever, and that their every gesture will fasten chains upon their own limbs. . . . Only the workers can make a reality of this collaboration with the enemy. Let the workers of France render it a German defeat."

After this invitation to "cheating," go slow and sabotage, and to laying off the whole business of work in war plant unless one has utterly got to do it, comes this follow-up:

"Marshal Pétain says he 'll do nothing against France's old allies. And Vichy delivers France to be an arsenal against England and America! Nor does Germany give you in return the means of subsistence. Germany gives France nothing but paper and wood pulp. On the contrary, she takes away the food you raise and import. Moreover, don't forget that it isn't the Germans who pay for the output of a French factory working for them. Vichy pays for that when it pays the monstrous occupation indemnity, and when the Germans fling about their 'occupation marks' and benefit by the industrial clearing 'accord.' France's labour for Germany is gratis.

"Vichy has just made this labour obligatory. All who refuse to work in factories engaged on German orders will lose the dole. Forced labour, labour against the national interest, against honour and conscience, and work for which the beneficiaries pay nothing into the bargain—that 's what Vichy has condemned the French people to. To put things plainly—to slavery."

On the French response in the workshop, our future action will depend. It is a good sign that the anti-collaboration trade unionist leaders are being elected, though so many of the workers used to be Communist, that the tendency may be to work for Hitler on the principle of one "imperialist" being as bad as another.

We know what Hitler is up to. Fearing the effect of massive R.A.F. raids to come, and of more devastating explosives, he wants to farm out crucial war industry, repairs and storage in places where he reckons our bombs will not, or cannot, fall. Hence his pushing east with war plant; hence his hope to draw upon an immune France. While we go on bombing *Panzer* factories in the Ruhr, he hopes to get *Panzer* stuff from unbombed Renault's *au bord de la Seine*. Renault, in passing, has long been known for his pro-Nazi sentiments, as the late Michelin was known for his Fascism—and Michelin's of Clermond-Ferrand is one of the biggest war plants in the land.

Supposing we did bomb Renault's after due warning? Supposing there were casualties? What 's the difference between French casualties in a tank factory near Paris and in an arsenal at Brest?

It 's important to know that the French have had the whole position put before them, since we are aware that they listen to the London broadcasts. The next thing to do is to direct their attention to specific forms of work most damaging to us. One is aware that French Fascist spies would promptly be put in the factories and plant involved, yet all that has to be passed by. The French should be told that our one aim is to cause output and effort to be reduced at selected spots. If by all forms of "cheating" and go-slow, the French cannot make this reduction themselves, then we must do it, with plenty of warning so that casualties may be as few as possible.

Should we be forced to take the plunge and bomb on a black-list principle, the great majority of French towns and country districts would be outside our sphere of action. We could restrict our attention to two or three specific regions. For example, Darlan's collaboration depends on iron and steel coming from the mines and foundries of Lorraine, the Ardennes, the Nord and Pas de Calais.

Then there is the so-called "automobile industry" ring round Paris. The vast Renault and Citroen works at Billancourt are easy targets. Their one rival is the Peugeot plant at Montbeliard, near Belfort. But the Paris region also has the electrical industry and most of aircraft production: supposing Farman's or Morane's, or whatever they are called to-day, start putting out "crash-planes" and gliders in mass?

A third region of interest lies roughly in the centre, and includes the arms citadels of Le Creusot (Schneider's), Roanne, St. Etienne and Clermont-Ferrand. This war-industry region is really related to the Lyons-Valence-Grenoble triangle. Near Grenoble, France is getting all the bauxite (aluminium) she is giving Germany. The Rhône Valley between Lyons and south of Valence is full of war industry. Particularly, south of Valence, there are Gnome motors and the great St. Gobain chemical plant.

As Darlan is allowing E-boats to get down to the Mediterranean, Strasbourg docks, the river port at Châlon-sur-Saône, and the Rhône anchorages round Lyons are probably being used. And what about the vast imports piled up on the *quais* of Marseilles and Sete, most of them destined for the Axis, and freely warlike in character? Fortunately, Marseilles docks stand apart from the city proper.

And as submarine repair yards are scheduled for "river ports" inland, it would be well to bear in mind (*a*) that Rouen is the second port of France; (*b*) that Nantes and Bordeaux have naval yards, and the former also the last thing in aeroplane factories; (*c*) that Rochefort is an as yet "unvisited" naval base nine miles up the Charente.

Other vital targets, accurate bombing of which would be calculated to impede "collaboration," are the bigger power-stations bringing current down from the Pyrenees and Alps, and certain hub lock areas like the huge descent on the Bordeaux-Sete Canal.

THE MEN WHO WOULD HAVE TO DO THE JOB

AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR PHILIP JOUBERT, who has just been reappointed C.-in-C., Coastal Command, which he previously commanded from August 1936 to August 1937. He has filled an unusually wide range of Service positions, and has also been a successful broadcaster. He is eight years younger than his predecessor

AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR FREDERICK BOWHILL, who goes from Coastal Command to command the R.A.F. organisation which will take delivery from the Flight Ferry Command of the United States Air Corps, and fly to the United Kingdom the aircraft produced in American factories for the R.A.F.

OUR NEW AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION CHIEF: Sir Charles Craven, who was Civil Member for Development and Production on the Air Council, and who has just been released by Vickers to take up the newly-created post of Controller of the Ministry of Aircraft Production. He is fifty-seven years of age, and was one of Britain's pioneers in the mass production of aircraft

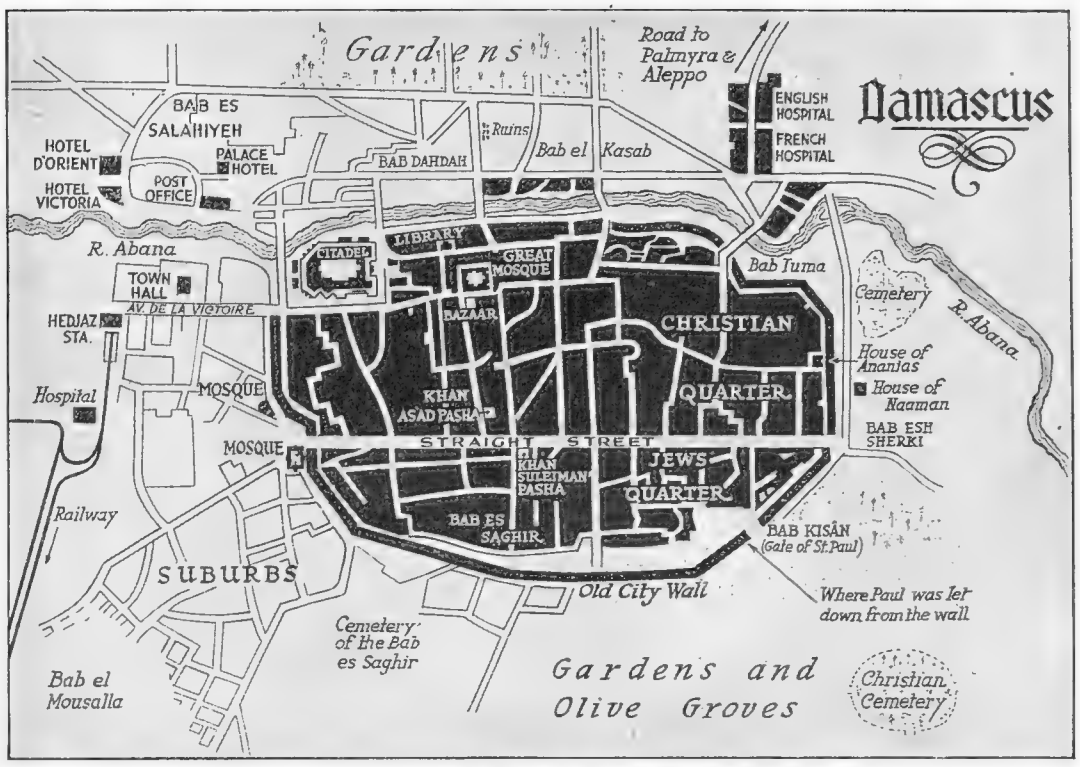
The BRITISH ADVANCE INTO SYRIA

Damascus—"The Mother City of the World"

WHEN France took over Syria from the League of Nations it was expected that she would make Damascus the capital of her newly acquired mandated territory. That distinction, however, was conferred upon Beyrout, on the coast. Yet Damascus was, and always had been, the principal trading centre of Southern Syria.

There is no city in the East that exercises a spell upon the visitor as does Damascus. Although she does not possess sacred sites, like Jerusalem, or attractions, like Cairo, there is a fascination about Damascus that attracts you. First there is her great age, her vitality and unique situation. She is said to be the oldest city in the world with a continuous history. When Abraham crossed the desert from Hauran, 4,000 years ago, the city was already standing on the banks of the Abana, and no one can tell how long it had stood there before that time, for its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. For that reason it is often called the "Mother City of the World."

It has been ruled by Syrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Turks, and now by the French. No fewer than twelve times has it been pillaged and burned, yet it has always arisen with new beauty from its ashes. Damascus owes its beauty to the River Abana,



A PLAN OF THE CITY OF DAMASCUS: The principal city in Syria which it was expected the French would make their capital when they took over the country. They chose Beyrout instead, however. Jews, Christians and Arabs share the city amongst them: it remains—as it always has been—the principal trading centre of the country

THE GATE OF ST. PAUL IN THE OLD CITY WALLS: In the south-east lies the Bab Kisan, or Gate of St. Paul, where the Apostle was let down from the wall in a basket to make his escape from Damascus

THE COURT OF THE GREAT MOSQUE, that ranks in importance and sanctity with those of Mecca and Medina. Its architecture combines the styles of several periods, but the building has suffered repeated reconstructions after damage by fire, earthquakes and at the hand of vandals. The head of St. John the Baptist is said to be preserved in a golden casket in a cave below the Mosque

of which Naaman spoke with such pride when he said: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" He was right so far as beauty and usefulness are concerned. Before the Abana reaches Damascus it is divided into six artificial channels, the main one about fifty feet wide, running through the heart of the city. Pipes are led from it to every part, so that every mosque and house and court has its fountain, and everywhere you go, amid groves or gardens or public resorts, or retired nooks, you see or hear the murmur of swiftly flowing and sparkling streams.

The majority of its streets are narrow and crooked, though it possesses some really fine thoroughfares. Since the French occupation Damascus has grown tremendously, and new suburbs have been added. True, the city has lost some of its Oriental character. The Beduins of the desert still come in on their camels, bringing in various kinds of merchandise and carrying away clothes and trinkets and other articles they need. But the long trains of camels which traded with Bagdad, Beyrout, and even with Egypt, are now things of the past. The railways and the motor have superseded the camel, and the old khans are falling into disuse.

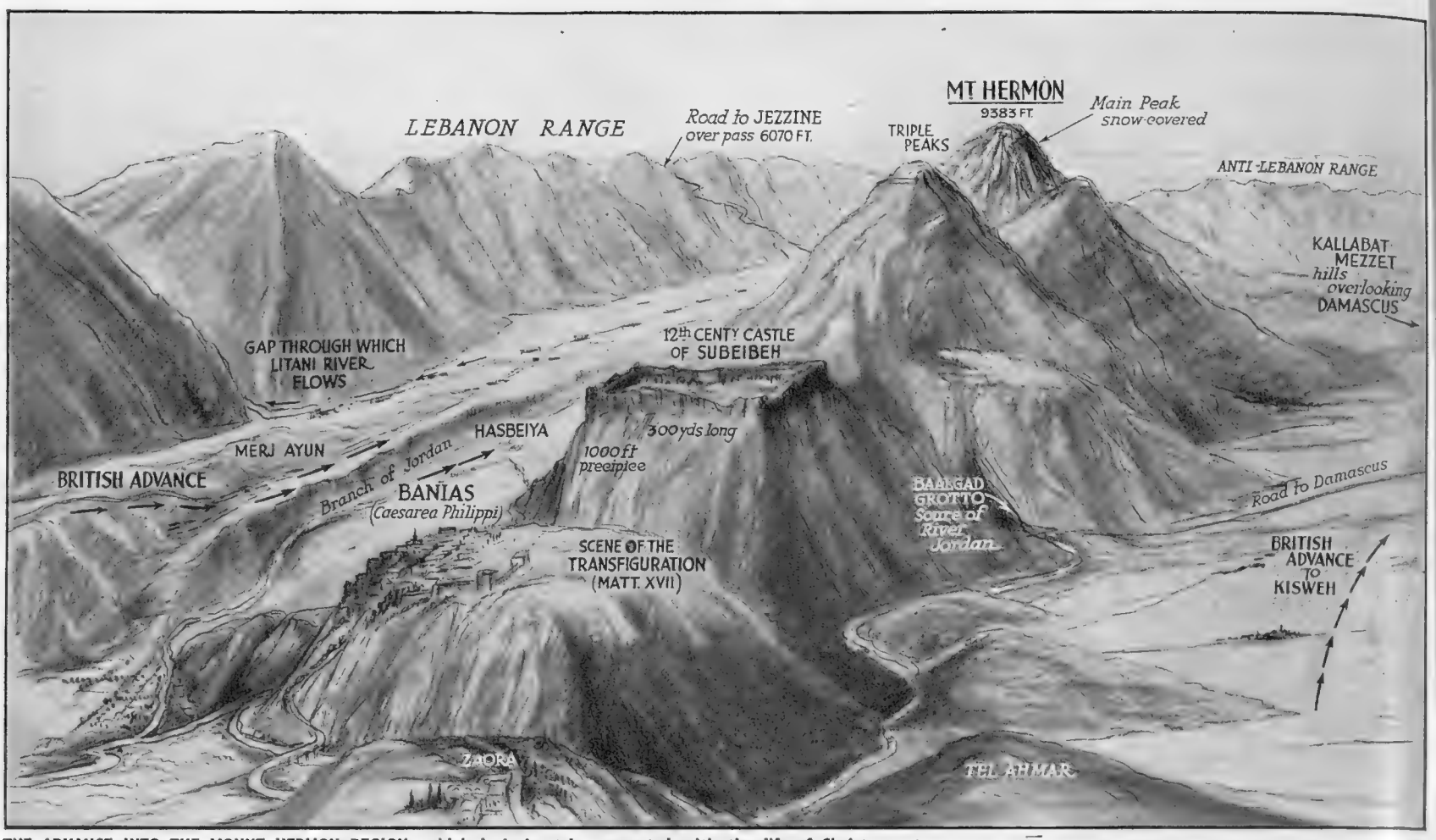
Every visitor to Damascus makes a point of strolling down Derb-el-Mustakim. It runs right across the old city, being about a mile long, beginning at one end of the leading gate into the city, and running east to west. In ancient times it possessed a colonnade, and traces of the columns are still being discovered in and in front of the houses. This is accepted as the "Street which is called Straight" mentioned in the New Testament in connection with the conversion of St. Paul.

Tradition has localised every event of St. Paul's association with Damascus. They will show you the place in the wall where he was let down in a basket and escaped from the city, and the spot, some five miles outside, where he had the vision which so changed the course of his life. There is the so-called House of Ananias and the ruins of the old palace of Naaman.

Of the mosques, the most famous is the Omayyade, or Great Mosque. It is said that 1,200 artists were summoned from Constantinople to assist in its rebuilding. Antique columns were requisitioned from all parts of Syria to adorn the structure, the pavement and the lower walls were covered with the rarest marbles, while the upper part of the walls and dome were enriched with mosaics. The ceiling was of wood inlaid with gold, and from it hung 600 golden lamps. These lamps were later removed and replaced by others of less value. On two occasions since, the great edifice has been seriously injured by fire, calling for costly repairs.

H. J. Shepstone

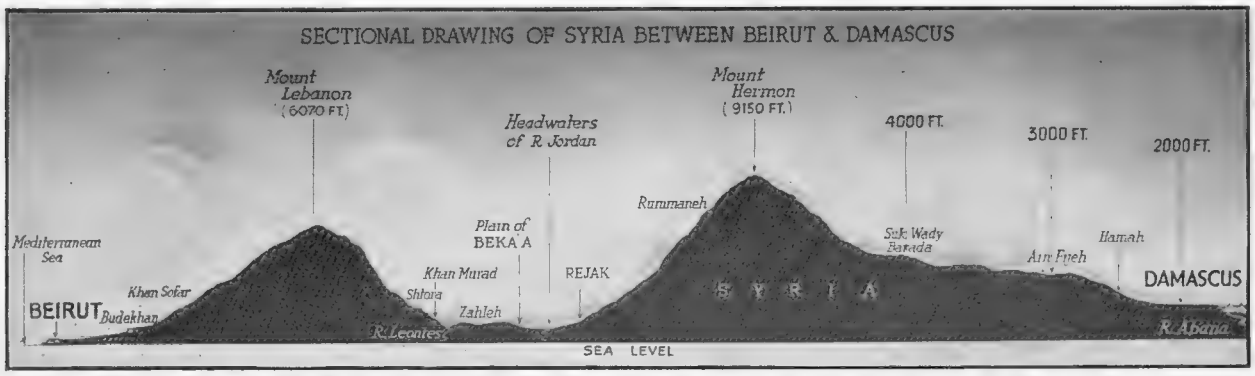
"THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT," which tradition has associated with that where Saul of Tarsus lodged with Judas; and Ananias was bidden arise and go into the Street which is called Straight and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus (Acts IX). The street runs straight as a plummet through the city from east to west



THE ADVANCE INTO THE MOUNT HERMON REGION, which is intimately connected with the life of Christ—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The advance towards Damascus brought two British columns into a region of very special Biblical interest, apart from its claims to contain the grandest scenery in Syria. The column advancing through Merj Ayun had on its right some rocky buttresses to the towering mass of Mount Hermon. On one of these is perched the picturesque Banias, the modern representative of the ancient Cæsarea Philippi, which was a flourishing Roman town in the days of Herod the Great. To-day old citadel walls mingle with the modern houses, which are perched high over deep ravines. The special interest of this hill mass is that it is usually held to be the scene of the Transfiguration of Christ, as recorded in Matthew's gospel. This northerly district was the one in which Christ spent his early manhood, Nazareth lying away to the west, beyond the Lebanon hills and the Sea of Galilee a little to the south. A great part of this district can be seen from Banias and from the twelfth-century castle, the extensive remains of which are perched on another rock mass immediately behind Banias. The castle measures some 300 yards long by 100 yards wide, and from its battlements it is claimed that the finest views in Syria are obtained. A second British column advancing towards Kisweh passed on its left another interesting feature of the district, the chief source of the Jordan; the Grotto, known in very early times as Baalgad, was embellished by Herod the Great

On right—
KEY MAP of the area in which the British advance into Syria is taking place



THE COUNTRY WHICH LIES BETWEEN BEIRUT ON THE COAST AND DAMASCUS IN THE INTERIOR OF SYRIA: There are two mountain ranges which separate the sea from the interior. Between them are the valleys formed by the Leontes (or Litani) River and the headwaters of the Jordan River. The Lebanon rises to 6,000 ft. and the Hermon group to 9,000 ft.

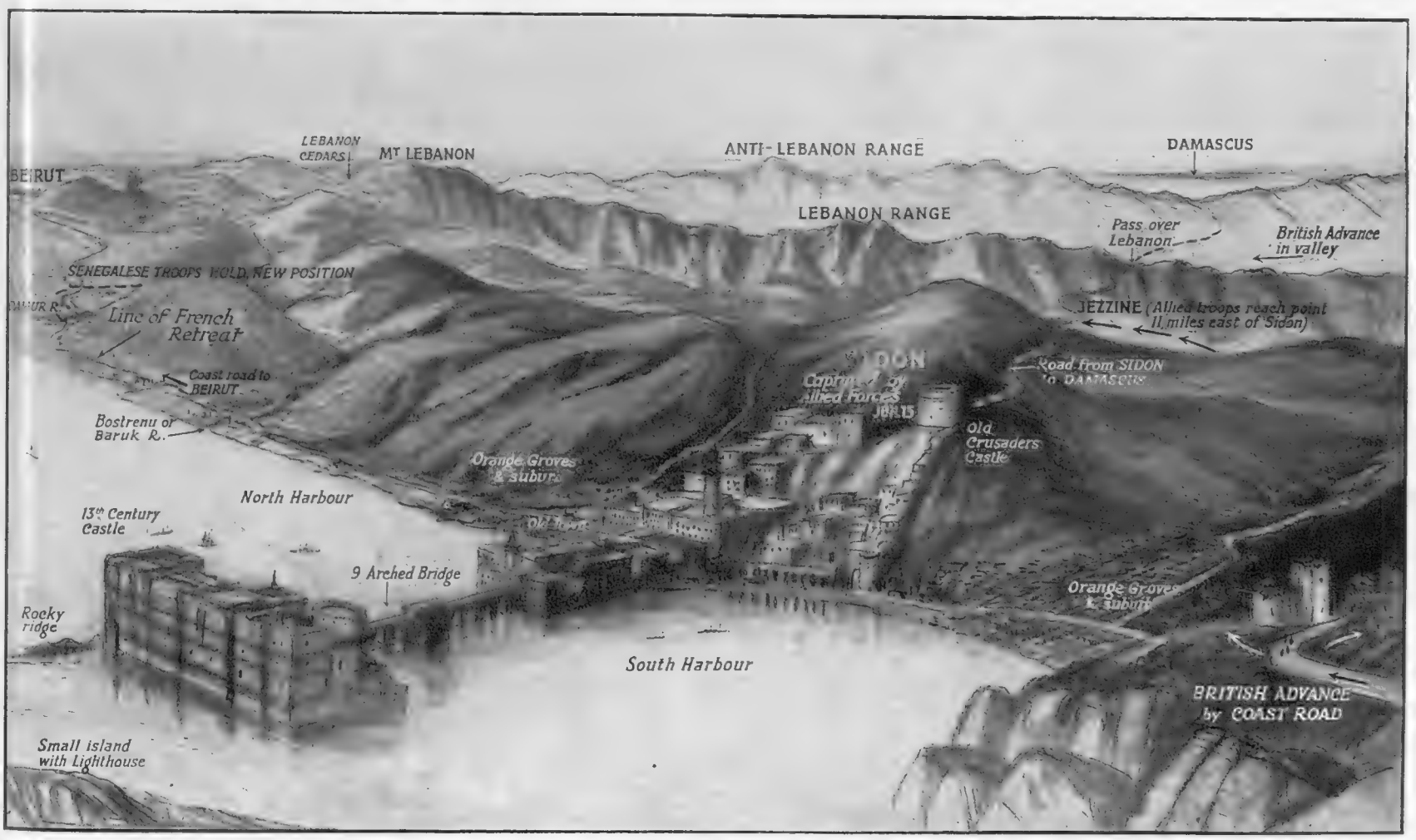
THE CAPITAL OF SYRIA—AN AERIAL VIEW OF BEIRUT: When Syria was taken over by the French from the League of Nations after the last war it was expected that Damascus would be made the capital; instead, the French chose Beirut. General Dentz, the French High Commissioner, and his staff evacuated the city some little time ago, in view of the British advance through Tyre and Sidon. During the last war it was first occupied by the British in October 1918

TO THE NORTH OF BEIRUT IS THE DOG RIVER: Between the capital of Syria and the town next in importance along the coast—Tripoli (the end of the Iraq pipe-line)—lies the Nahr-el-Kelb, or Dog River. At this point, 15 kilometres north of Beirut, is a gorge which for centuries has been an important pass. In the rock near by are cut many Assyrian, Egyptian and Persian inscriptions

THE ADVANCE INTO SYRIA

ALONG THE COAST ROAD FROM TYRE AND SIDON TO BEYROUT: It is along this wonderful road that British forces have been advancing northwards from Palestine. The road was built by the French since their occupation of Syria: in many places there are magnificent tunnels, such as the one above, cut through the sheer rock. From the sea the road is commanded by the guns of the Royal Navy

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE RUINS AT RAKKA, ON THE ROAD FROM IRAQ TO ALEPPO: Throughout Syria are the remains of old civilisations, Assyrian, Egyptian and Roman. In the vicinity of Aleppo the ancient roads and ancient Forums are still clearly visible—especially from the air. Reference to the small key map reproduced here shows that Rakka lies to the eastward of Aleppo and that, consequently, it is now in the path of our forces advancing on that centre (notable in this war for its aerodrome used by the Germans) from northern Iraq



THE FAMOUS AND HISTORIC PORT OF SIDON, ENTERED BY A BRITISH FORCE DURING THE ADVANCE ALONG THE SYRIAN COAST TOWARDS BEYROUT—*Drawing by Percy Home*

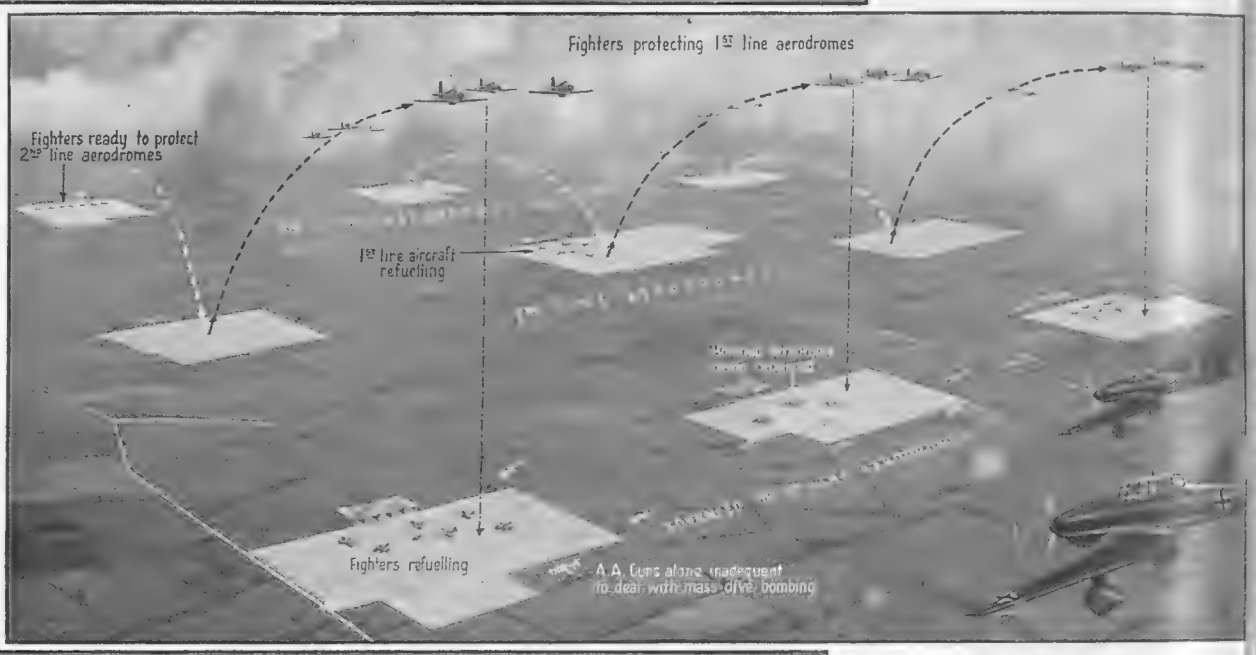
The advance of a British Imperial Force along the Syrian coast road last week brought them to Sidon, famous in the Biblical narrative as the place from which Solomon obtained the finest cedar wood. "None could hew timber like unto the Sidonians." Under the Persians and Alexander the Great the place flourished exceedingly, but like so many Eastern cities, had its periods of declension. To-day it seems to be steadily rising again to a condition of financial prosperity, owing to the excellence of the orange groves in the immediate district of Sidon. Both to the north and south of the city the approaches are through grove after grove of heavily laden orange-trees, which produce a fruit held by many to be superior to that of Jaffa. Sidon as seen to-day, presents a picturesque silhouette. On the hill behind the town are massive towers, behind which the houses shelter, while out to sea, in front of the town, is another mediæval castle of highly picturesque shape, which is connected with the mainland by a causeway supported on nine arches. There is a certain amount of harbourage both to north and south of this castle, but not well protected for certain winds. An islet and a line of rock add a fair amount of protection. The place was evacuated by the Vichy forces last week, a retreat being made along a good motor road towards Beyrout. To the east of Sidon, another British column was advancing through Jezzine in the valleys to the west of the main Lebanon range

THE DEFENCE OF OUR AERODROMES

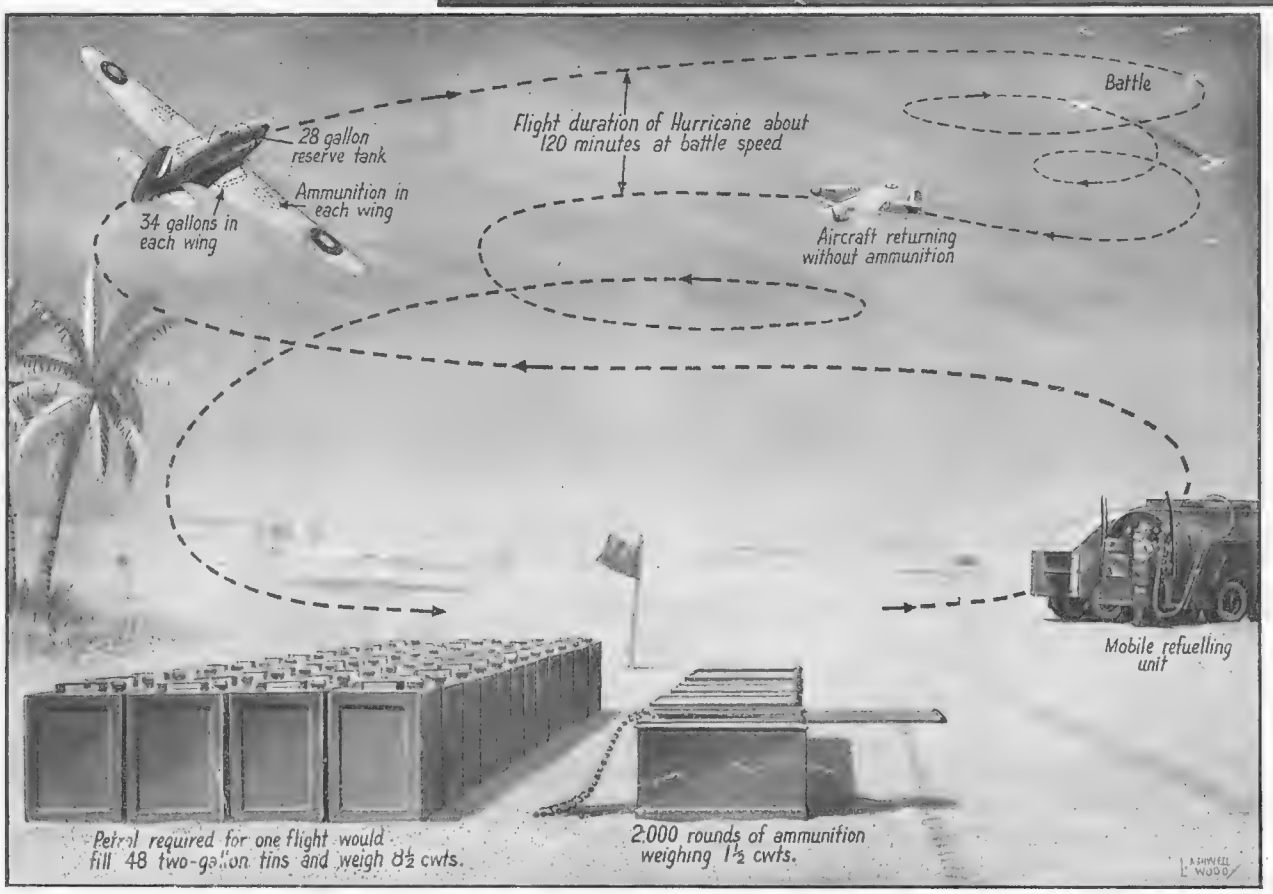
—Drawings by L. Ashwell Wood

GUNS ALONE CANNOT DEFEND AN AERODROME (*See notes on right*)

On left—
Now that we are beginning to apply the lessons learned in Crete, it is opportune to point out that guns mounted round the circumference of an aerodrome—or even farther afield, for that matter—cannot protect it against the enemy's attacks *from the air*. In Crete the Junkers Ju 87B each carried one bomb of 1,100 lbs. : with these the enemy pilots knocked out the British guns one at a time ; and even where their bombs fell a little short, guns unprotected by heavy emplacements were knocked out by blast. It is necessary when being attacked by dive-bombers to hit the aircraft just before it begins its dive ; otherwise the gun has to be re-sighted *after* the dive has begun—and that is very, very difficult. But, in any case, when the dive-bombers are coming over in masses, guns alone cannot cope with all of them. By using aircraft as mobile artillery, therefore, and making each defending gun a target, the dive-bomber can clear out the defenders. And thus the aerodrome is left free for the troop-carriers which arrive shortly afterwards



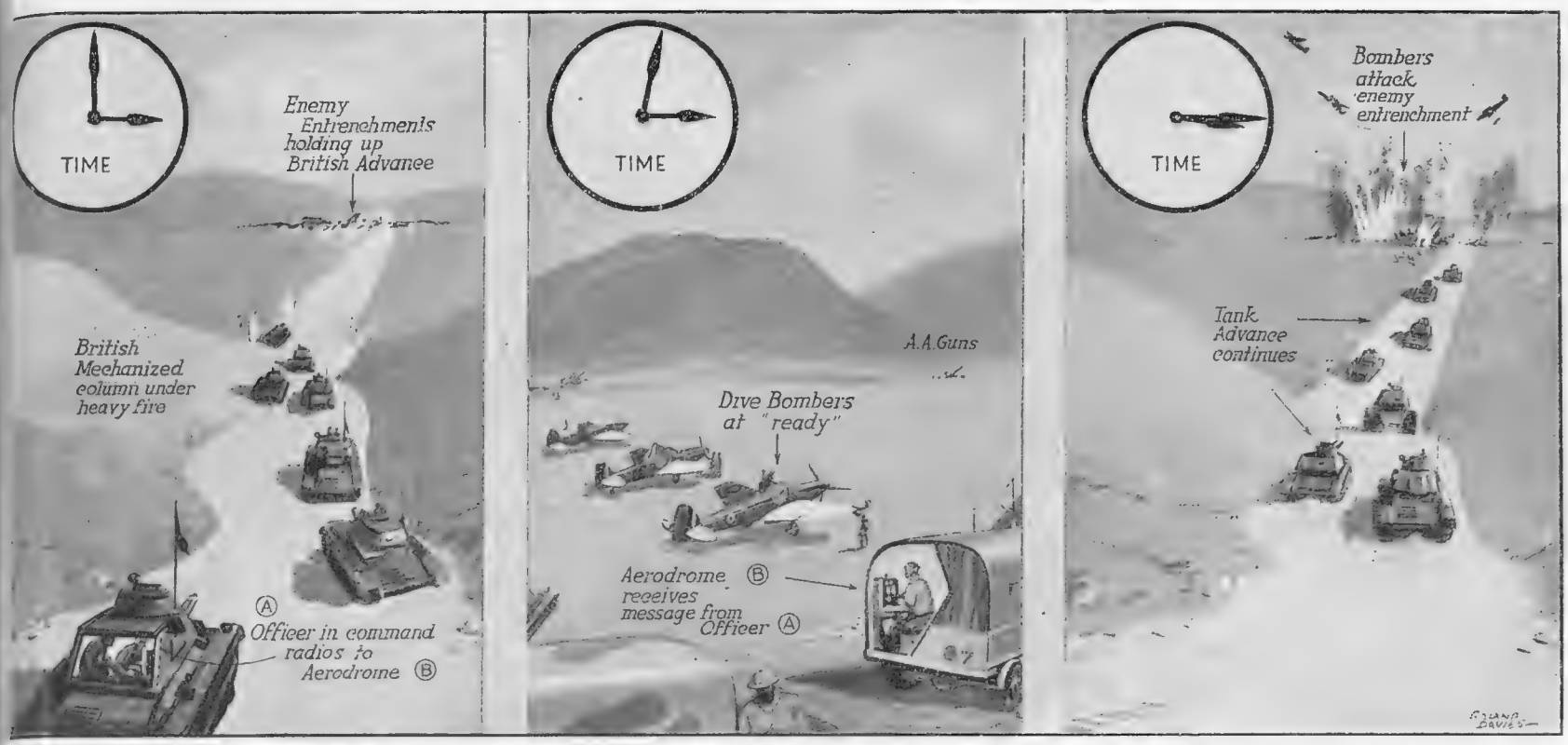
On right—
It has been stated, in connection with the upper picture, that A.-A. guns alone are inadequate to deal with mass dive-bombing attacks. That is one of the principal lessons of Crete. During the Battle of Britain last autumn similar tactics were applied by the Germans in attacks on aerodromes within this island ; but on those occasions, unlike Crete, there was ample air support for the ground defences. It is now generally known that some of our first-line aerodromes suffered temporary damage ; but, owing to the brilliant defensive measures employed by our fighter aircraft, the enemy was repeatedly driven off when attempting to press home his advantage, thus allowing the necessary repairs to be effected to the damaged aerodromes. During this period our fighters frequently based themselves on our second line, and even third-line, aerodromes, using the first-line aerodromes—or those of them which remained intact—only for hurried re-fuelling. It was proved in August and September last how vulnerable the Stuka dive-bomber is *when attacked in the air by real fighter aircraft*. Unfortunately, in Crete, our fighters had to be withdrawn because it would have been impossible to safeguard them *when on the ground*



HOW AERODROMES IN THIS COUNTRY WERE DEFENDED during the Battle of Britain in August and September 1940 (*See notes on left*)

On left—
The top speed of a Hurricane of the earlier type is 335 m.p.h., although later examples are much faster even than this. At a cruising speed of 232 m.p.h. it has a duration of three hours and a range of nearly 700 miles. In actual combat, however, the throttle would be wide open most of the time in order to perform the necessary aerobatic manœuvres involved in fighting. Therefore, the 96 gallons (carried in two 34-gallon tanks in the wings, with a 28-gallon reserve tank) would become exhausted in a very short space of time—say, one and a half to two hours. Furthermore, the Hurricane's eight guns fire at the rate of 9,600 rounds a minute, so that its 2,000 rounds would not last long if the pilot was seriously pressed. Hence the need for re-fuelling frequently, and hence the need for re-fuelling points within the combat zone. The petrol carried weighs 8½ cwts., and the 2,000 rounds of ammunition another 1½ cwts.—a total load of half a ton ! It is possible, with all the necessary equipment to hand, to re-fuel and re-arm a Hurricane in about fifteen minutes

THE OPERATIONS OF A FIGHTER AIRCRAFT ARE LIMITED BY ITS CAPACITY : Its limited supplies of fuel and ammunition make frequent returns to its base a necessity (*See notes on right*)



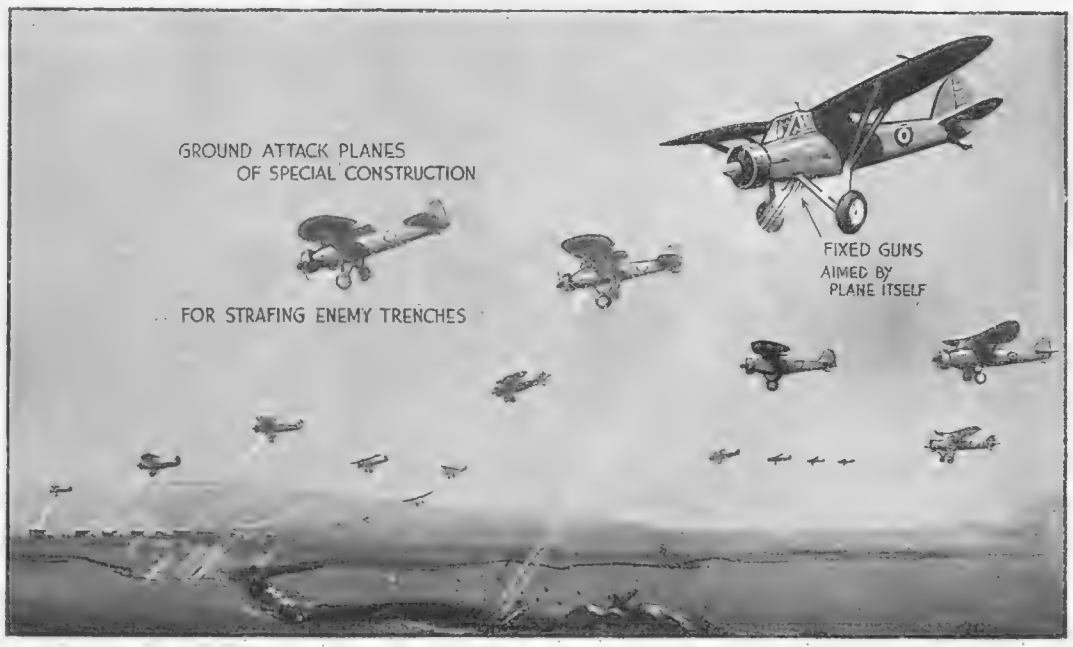
AN EXAMPLE OF HOW THE ARMY'S OWN AIR FORCE COULD WORK IN CLOSE CO-OPERATION WITH THE MEN ON THE GROUND: An attack from the air on enemy entrenchments which are holding up the advance of the land forces

An attack has been planned on certain positions; but the Army find that one comparatively small series of entrenchments is holding up the advance of an armoured column. It is only a matter of minutes before the obstacle is blasted out of the way by bombers called up by wireless and sent forward for this one special task

THE ARMY'S OWN AIR FORCE

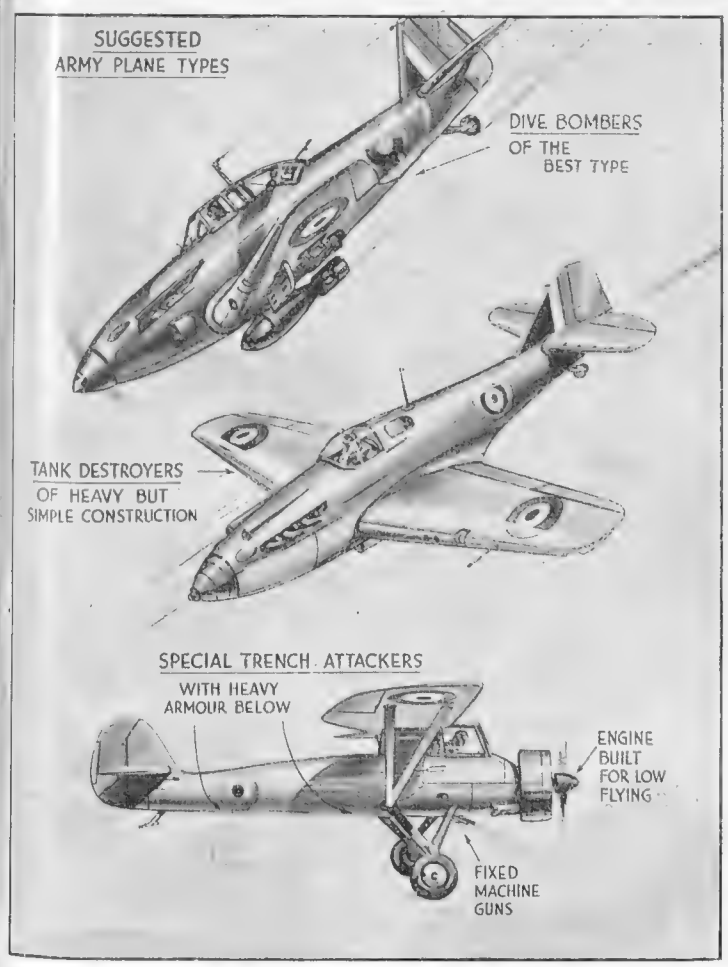
—A series of Drawings by Roland Davies

In the full-dress debate on Crete, Mr. Winston Churchill made it clear that in the future the Army is to have its own branch of the Air Force and that this is to work with the ground forces in a close degree. "I think it is of the utmost consequence," said the Prime Minister, "that every division, especially every armoured division, should have a chance to live its daily life and training in close and precise relationship with a particular number of aircraft that it can call up at will and need." And Mr. Churchill then went on to declare that it was intended to provide the Army with a considerably larger number of aeroplanes suited entirely to the work they have to do, and, above all, with the development of that wireless connection between ground forces, the air and the military which the Germans have carried to such an extraordinary point of perfection. "The Sphere's" artist, Mr. Roland Davies, has elaborated on this theme in the accompanying drawings; it is not claimed for these that they in any way exhaust the subject—on the contrary, they only fringe what is a very important matter. It is not unlikely that we may recur to this same subject in subsequent issues



AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE ARMY TO DEVELOP SPECIALISED AIRCRAFT: "Ground attack" planes of special design carry out a "strafe" of the enemy's defences

This particular type of aircraft could be specially built, quickly and fairly cheaply. They would have fixed guns, and these would be aimed by directing the plane itself at the enemy's trenches. The type could be flown by pilots trained for this one job: soldiers themselves might be used to pilot this particularised type. The advantage of such aircraft in assisting the infantry would be enormous



On left—

SOME OF THE TYPES WHICH THE ARMY MIGHT WISH TO DEVELOP

Only three of the special needs of the Army are here outlined. The dive-bomber has already more than justified itself at the hands of the Germans in Crete. But equally important in this war of mechanisation is the Tank Destroyer, which would be armed with cannon guns; and the "ground attack" aircraft, heavily armoured on its vulnerable underside

On right—

AIRCRAFT TO CO-OPERATE WITH MECHANISED UNITS ON THE GROUND

The need for the employment of aircraft in this fashion was specially emphasised by the Premier. With its own Air Force, the Army would include a certain number of aircraft with each mechanised unit, and all would be under the same High Command and working in complete unison

PREPARING for the INVADER

Latest Official Pictures Taken During Anti-Invasion Manœuvres

A TANK GOES INTO ACTION AT SPEED IN THE SAND DUNES : Moving off to take up position. As an indication to the others, this tank is clearly marked H.Q. Note the streams of sand thrown up by the massive tractors

WATER IS NO OBSTACLE TO THESE CRUISER TANKS : Here is one of a number of medium tanks, now operated by a well-known British Cavalry Regiment, crossing a sizeable stream during a large-scale exercise in the Eastern Command

MACHINE-GUNNERS OF THE R.A.F. : Now that aerodrome defence has taken on an even greater significance in view of what happened in Crete, certain of the personnel of the R.A.F. are being given an intensive training with machine-guns and Bren guns and in bayonet fighting

WHEN THE INFANTRY HAVE TO TAKE TO BOATS : The "Assault Boat" is one of the methods by which the British Army negotiate water obstacles. It is a light structure, built of canvas and wood, which can be carried practically anywhere by the men who use it. This picture shows how boat and crew go into action with a Bren gunner seated in the bow. Nine men, with full field equipment, can be carried with ease

THE CANADIANS PREPARE TO MEET THE INVADER : In the case of invasion, mobility of the forces lying in reserve will be important

Amongst those ready to move at a moment's notice are these members of the Canadian Division. Transported to any required spot in their Bren-gun carriers, these men could quickly be on the scene were parachutists, or paratroops, reported to be landing within their area. Note the machine-guns on each carrier to cope with low-flying aircraft and with troops landing from the skies. The equipment of our anti-invasion forces in Britain is now thoroughly up to date and contains mechanised units of all descriptions

SCOTLAND IN THE EARLY SUMMER! A now frequent scene amidst the Scottish heather: 6-in. howitzers proceeding to their positions amongst the "banks and braes." The small Highland bridges were not built for such heavy traffic: but they are standing up to the work! Preparations against invasion, and anti-invasion exercises, are now part of the regular routine of the Army in Scotland, as in other parts of the country

A PONTOON BRIDGE WHICH CAN SUPPORT HEAVILY-LADEN LORRIES ERECTED BY THE CANADIANS DURING MANŒUVRES IN EIGHTY MINUTES!

WIRELESS PLAYS A BIG PART IN ARMY EXERCISES TO-DAY: This picture was taken during a recent large-scale anti-invasion exercise in which over 50,000 troops, including armoured divisions, were engaged. During the exercise, communication was maintained between the units engaged and Headquarters by means of portable wireless sets such as that seen above. The picture *on the left* shows a pontoon bridge which was erected by an Ontario engineer, now serving with the Canadians in this country, in eighty minutes. It was put to the test during manœuvres by heavy lorries, which crossed it successfully. The regular bridge was supposed to have been destroyed by the enemy

The DEFENCE of GIBRALTAR

The Rocky Fortress has been Strengthened Even Further, and is Now Fully Prepared for Whatever Might Be in Store

THIS MONSTER WEAPON POINTING OUT TO SEA IS KEPT PERMANENTLY AT THE "READY." It is only part of the many outer defences at Gibraltar

ON THE FLAT, OUTLYING, OPEN GROUND—guarding the land approaches to the Fortress— is this Lewis machine-gun unit, one of many such ringing the peninsula

HEAVILY PROTECTED WITH ARMOUR-PLATING, and camouflaged with paint, another big gun points out to sea, with the gun-crew at the "Ready"

Gibraltar is now an island: recently we published a diagram showing how the Rock has been entirely cut off from the mainland by the construction of a canal across the entire width of the neck of the peninsula. Now come these pictures from the British Newsreel Association, which show the further work carried out. Always considered a difficult position to take, Gibraltar is now almost impregnable: the Rock itself has been tunnelled out and packed with newer and better weapons, and the whole island has been ringed around by powerful big guns, with every possible passage into the fortress covered by machine-guns, and the heart of the Rock a solid core piled up with arms and munitions and supplies

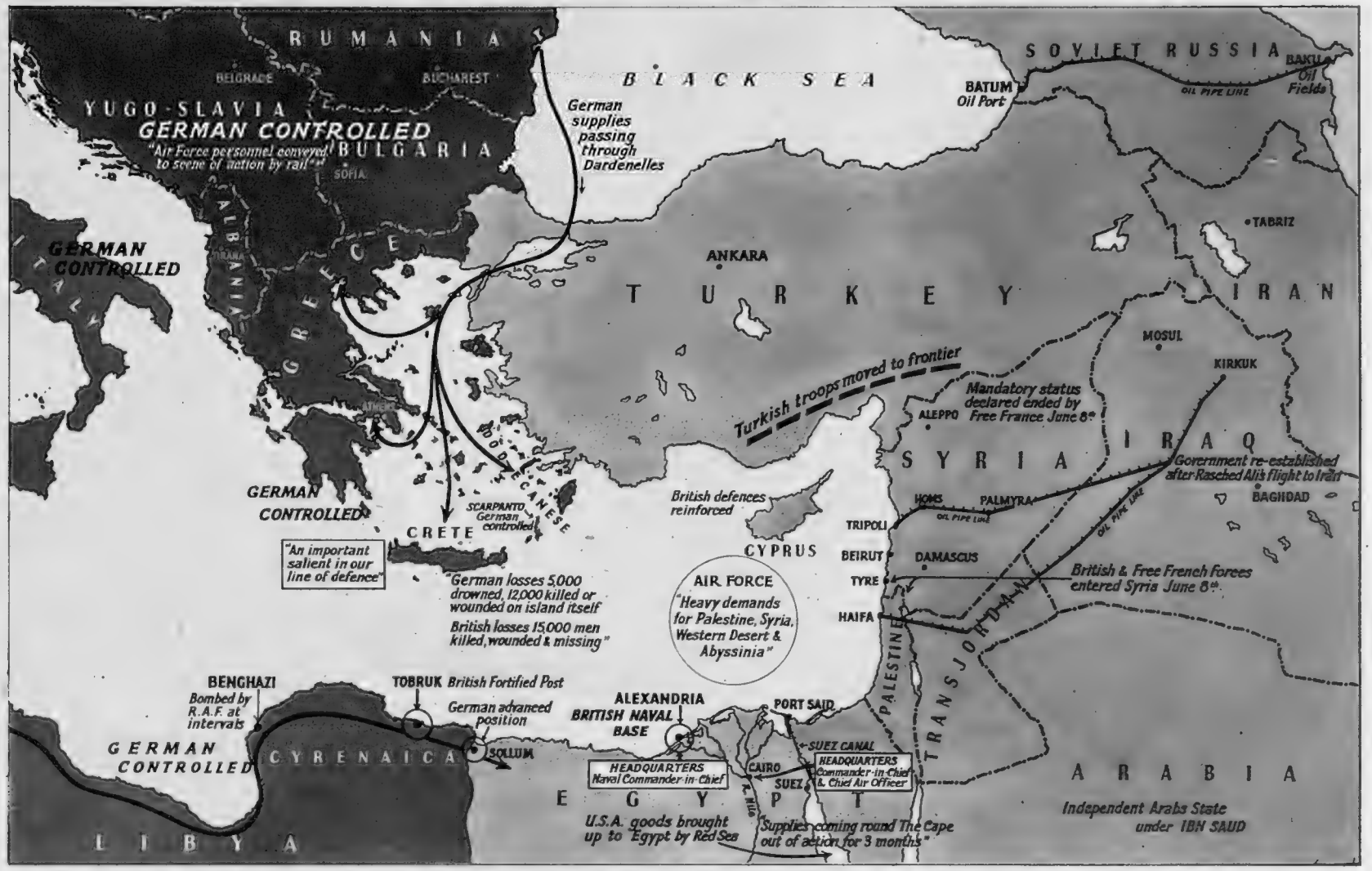
ONE OF THE INNUMERABLE MACHINE-GUN LOOPHOLES WHICH HAVE BEEN BORED OUT OF THE HEART OF THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

SAPPERS DRILLING THROUGH THE HARD ROCK, in the preparation of even stronger defences for what is already regarded as one of the greatest fortresses in the world

SAPPERS AT WORK DIGGING AND DRILLING in the Rock during the further work of fortification recently carried out

SAPPERS IN SHIRTSLEEVES DIGGING WITH SHOVEL AND PICK into mounds of blasted rock: Much of the interior of the solid core has been removed and packed instead with vicious weapons that can give as well as take punishment

THE PRESENT STRATEGIC POSITION IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN



FROM SICILY AND BENGHAZI IN THE CENTRAL AREA THE TIDE OF WAR HAS SWUNG TOWARDS THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN

Sicily was at one time in German occupation, Benghazi in British occupation. Greece, Yugoslavia and Crete were formerly in the front line. But now the tide has passed on: Tobruk and Sollum have again become war centres, but the principal theatre is now even farther East—with Syria as the chief area of active operations and other activity centred around Cyprus and Alexandria. The Germans are stated to have suffered 5,000 men drowned in the attack on Crete and 12,000 killed or wounded on the island itself: this against our own losses of 15,000 killed, wounded and missing. Supplies to replace those lost in Greece and Crete have been coming round the Cape, according to the Prime Minister's own statement: whilst the Germans have been bringing supplies for their forces in the Eastern Mediterranean through the Dardanelles. Almost the only remaining neutral in this area is Turkey, who has just signed an Agreement with Germany: the pressure of German diplomacy in Turkey has been steady and continuous over a period of many months

THE GERMAN THREAT TO THE RUSSIAN SOVIETS

HOW THE GERMAN DIVISIONS LINED UP ALONG THE BORDERS OF RUSSIA FROM THE BLACK SEA TO THE LATVIAN FRONTIER

The one big question which had been occupying the mind of European statesmen during the past weeks is now answered, and the reason why Germany had built up such strong forces within striking distance of the whole of Russia's western frontier is now clear. It was stated on reliable authority that within recent weeks Germany had concentrated over a hundred divisions, mainly of high quality, near the Soviet frontier; armoured divisions joined them there; and air squadrons—"even squadrons which might have been used in the Middle East, and others brought from Western Europe"—were established on Polish and other aerodromes. In Bessarabia, especially, the concentrations were strong. Facing the Germans, Stalin had likewise massed huge forces. Now, with Turkey immobilised by her new Pact with Germany, Hitler has launched his colossal attack on Russia—and once again has demonstrated the worth of German pacts and treaties!

A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE THREE MAIN TYPES OF WAR-VESSELS IN THE ROYAL NAVY—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

When it comes to a trial of strength between attacking aircraft and surface vessels, the destroyer can make use of its great speed and the nimbleness which this and its shorter length give it; the capital ship is very heavily armoured all over—not least on its decks, which can resist all but the heaviest of armour-piercing bombs (and these must be dropped from a good height, for greater penetration). But the cruiser has only its goodish speed, its limited anti-aircraft armament, and the judgment of its Commander. Its considerable length (in many cases, nearly 600 ft.) is an added complication, as this presents a goodish target to the bomber: in confined waters, the handling of a cruiser is a job for a specialist!

THE CRUISER versus AIRCRAFT in NARROW WATERS

A Note on Our Losses During the Operations off Crete

ALTHOUGH the Axis claim that at least a dozen British cruisers, in addition to smaller warships, had been sunk during the Cretan operations was grossly exaggerated, the loss of the *Gloucester* and *Fiji* was bad enough, but with fighting at a disadvantage and taking the big risk inevitable in the circumstances the losses might very well have been much greater without any undue luck on the part of the enemy.

The battleships and the newest aircraft-carriers can be given armoured decks which will withstand the biggest air bombs, as has been proved by the *Rodney* and others, but it is impossible to give such protection to cruisers, especially when their tonnage has been strictly limited by international agreement. Armour has to be considered after speed, fuel, accommodation and other factors which go to make up the ideal cruising ship and, although full details of the internal and deck protection of the latest British cruisers are kept secret, it is certainly nothing like the 33 per cent. of the displacement which is spared for that purpose in modern capital ships.

***Above*—A CRUISER SWINGING AWAY TO AVOID A STICK OF BOMBS. *On left*—CONCUSSION FROM A NEAR-MISS MAY LOOSEN A CRUISER'S PLATES:** When attacked by aircraft, a cruiser relies largely on her power of manœuvre. If the bombs fall very close (although there is little chance of the ship being sunk by concussion), it may mean that the cruiser must return for re-riveting in dry-dock

For protection against air attack the cruiser must rely entirely on her anti-aircraft batteries—the heavier pieces to keep the attackers at a height and the lighter to deal with dive bombers—her speed and her handiness in dodging. Near misses may demand that a cruiser's hull is re-riveted in dry dock, but the sub-division of these ships is so good that there is very little chance of their being sunk by anything except direct hits. Speed is a very valuable factor, but it is necessary to keep enemy bombers off the ship's tail for on a straight run the higher the cruiser's speed, subtracted from that of the bomber, the better chance there is of a hit. With aircraft overhead, it follows the cruiser never keeps on a straight course if it can be avoided.

Particular faith must therefore be placed on her power to dodge. All cruisers are built with great length in order to attain high speed with reasonable economy—the *Gloucester* was 584 ft. overall and the *Fiji* well over 550—but the careful shaping of the hull lines below water makes them remarkably

handy. That is the reason why scores of Italian and German air attacks on our cruisers in the Mediterranean have failed within the last few months.

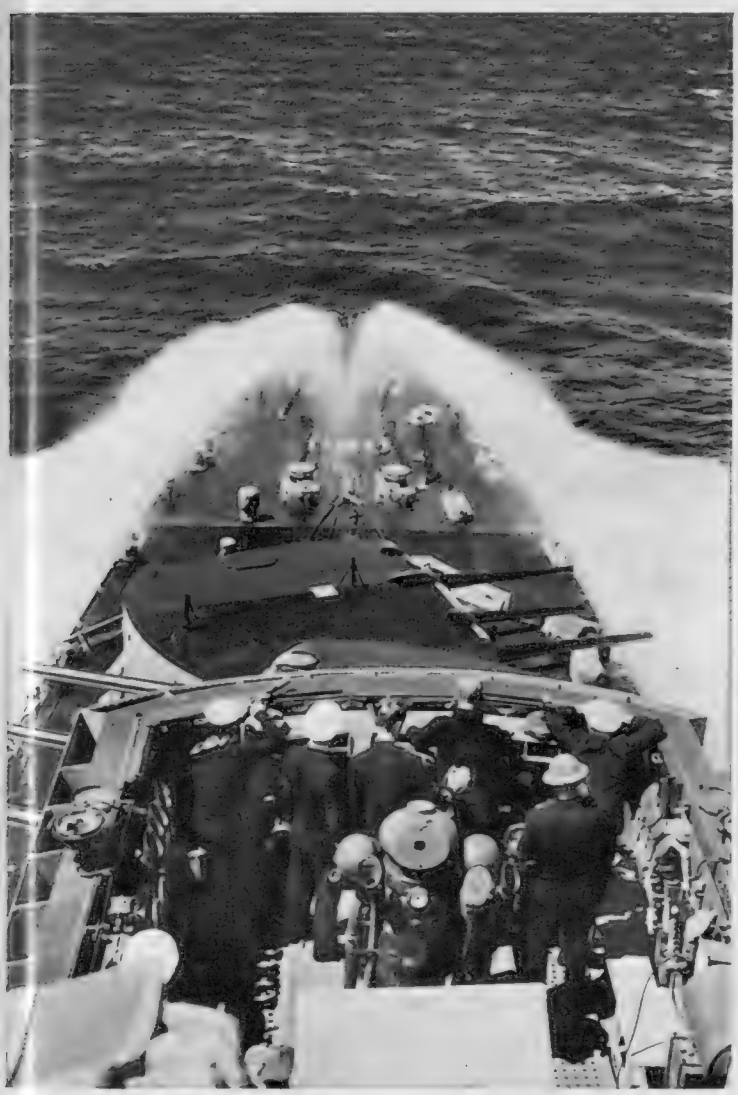
The reason why the *Gloucester* and *Fiji* were unable to save themselves off Crete must necessarily remain a matter of conjecture until the full Admiralty report is published, but it is quite safe to suggest three likely factors, all of which probably contributed.

The first is the extraordinary number of enemy planes which carried out the attack, a greater number than had ever been known before. Dodging out of the bombs of one formation was likely to entail dodging into the bombs of another, and in making the attacks the enemy had the great advantage of aerodromes within a very easy distance.

Secondly, there was the ships' preoccupation with the job on hand. The cruiser only carries a limited anti-aircraft battery and ammunition to satisfy its tremendous appetite, and as the particular job of these ships appears to have been the checking of the landing of parachute troops, the anti-aircraft department probably had its hands full.

Finally, and closely allied to the second factor, is the question of sea room. Plenty of this is necessary for a ship nearly 600 ft. long to dodge to either side of her mean course, and it seems likely that the operations on hand made it necessary to keep as closely as possible to the Cretan coast in order to bag the enemy troop planes when they began to reduce height for landing. That position would practically preclude zig-zagging towards the land, for a ship ashore is just as useless as a ship sunk and she would stand a greater chance of going ashore than of being sunk. Therefore the dodging powers of the ships would be greatly reduced. If their captains had chosen to make a big offing it is quite possible that they would have survived, but that would not have been doing the job on hand to the limits of their power, and that is always one of the Navy's most cherished traditions, especially when they are working with the sister Services.

F. B.

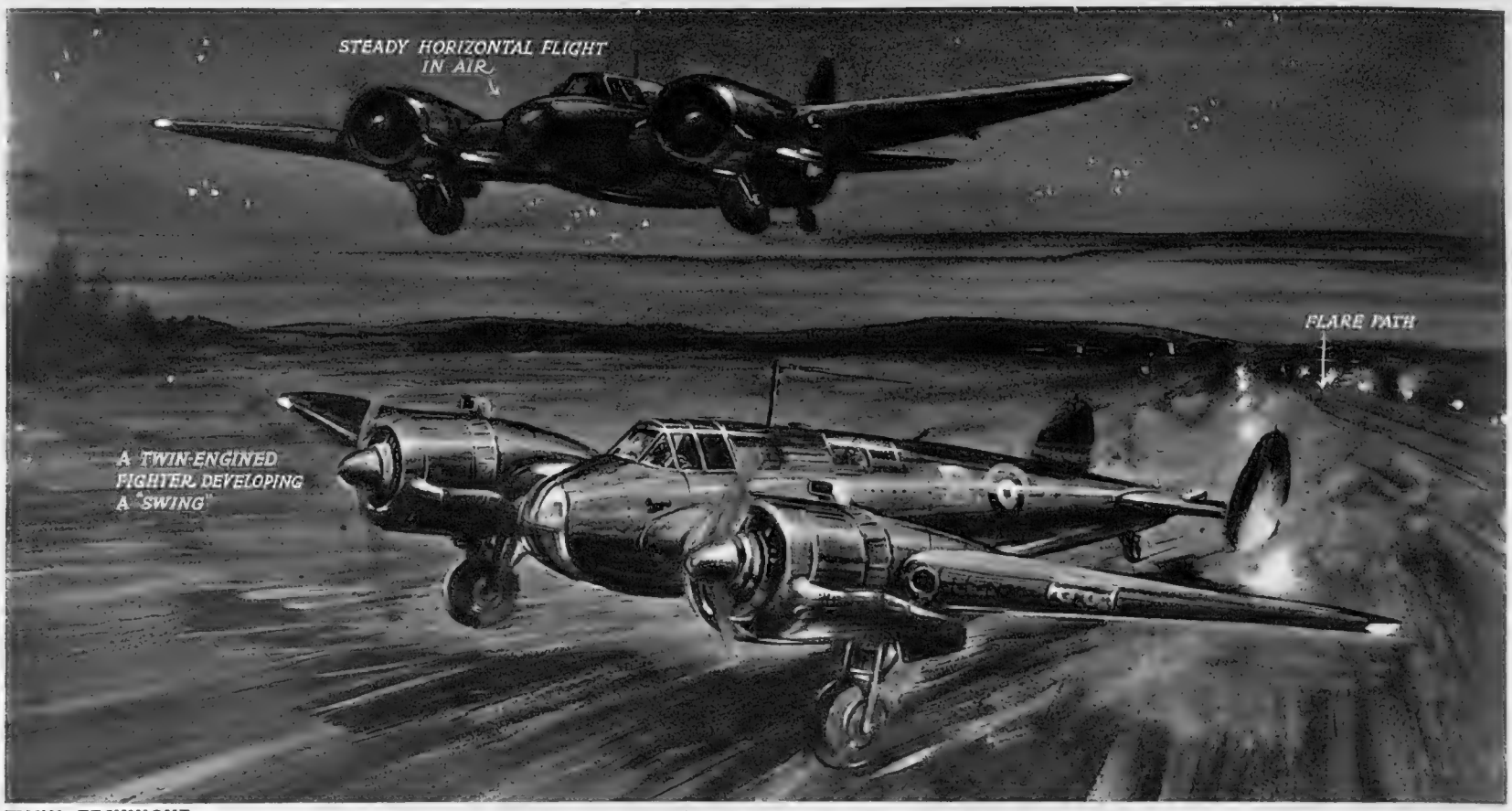


THE BOW WAVE OF A CRUISER AT SPEED: The bridge and the forecastle of H.M.S. *Sheffield* going full speed ahead through rough seas

THE AFTER-DIRECTOR TOWER AND GUN-TURRETS OF A MODERN CRUISER: This picture was taken aboard H.M.S. *Sheffield*, which played so considerable a part in the chase and destruction of the German battleship *Bismarck*. She is one of the Southampton class completed in August 1937. She carries twelve 6-in. guns, as well as eight 4-in. anti-aircraft guns

ON A MODERN BRITISH CRUISER, the big 8-in. guns can be brought to bear with an elevation of 60-65 deg., owing to the construction of the gun-turrets—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE SPECIAL GUN-TURRETS ON A MODERN CRUISER WHICH SECURE THE ELEVATION FOR HIGH-ANGLE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE: Whereas in cruisers of earlier type the elevation of the 6-in. guns was up to 40 deg., in modern cruisers of the London and Kent class an exceptional elevation has been given to the 8-in. guns carried, more than 65 deg. having been observed. Also, by means of an improved ammunition supply a rate of fire of four rounds per gun per minute can be maintained under director control



TWIN TECHNIQUE: Flying a twin-motor night fighter calls for a special technique on the part of the pilot. The power developed is enormous, and extreme care is needed at the take-off in the dark to counteract swing

The worst trouble to be surmounted in a two-motor type is the possibility of a swing during the take-off, due to one motor giving off more power than the other. The above drawing shows an extreme case of the swing of a plane through this cause. The aircraft has come down the flare path and is swinging dangerously to the right during its take-off. Although based on the Beaufighter, the aircraft depicted here shows no exact type: it has been drawn only to convey what takes place once the two motors have begun their work

The TECHNIQUE of TWIN-MOTOR FIGHTERS

—Drawings by Roland Davies

THE Bristol Beaufighter two-motor long-range monoplane, the latest fighter to go into service with the Royal Air Force, presents a new technique in air combat.

It is probably the biggest fighter ever built. Its two motors are believed to be more powerful than those of the Bristol Beaufort torpedo-bomber, from which it is developed.

Thus the Beaufighter, with its large size, its high power and its two motors, fits into an altogether different category from that of anything which has gone before it. Its armament, too, is exceedingly heavy, although no details of this may be given at present.

The Beaufighter represents a conception of the long-range fighter which will be immensely useful in the struggle to come. It has obviously been designed with four main purposes in view:—

(i) To give adequate room to stow fuel and afford long duration.
(ii) To give adequate room to stow very heavy armament.
(iii) To give adequate room to carry all the "devices" necessary for success in night fighting.
(iv) With all these requirements, to have a reasonably high speed.

The long range of the Beaufighter will make possible its use as an escort fighter and may prove extraordinarily valuable in attacking enemy transports should they attempt an invasion of Ireland.

The size of the Beaufighter enables it to carry a very heavy armament and, what is just as important, to carry a big load of ammunition for the guns.

The stowage space also makes possible the carrying of a great weight of equipment which could not be taken by a smaller fighter. This is especially important at night.

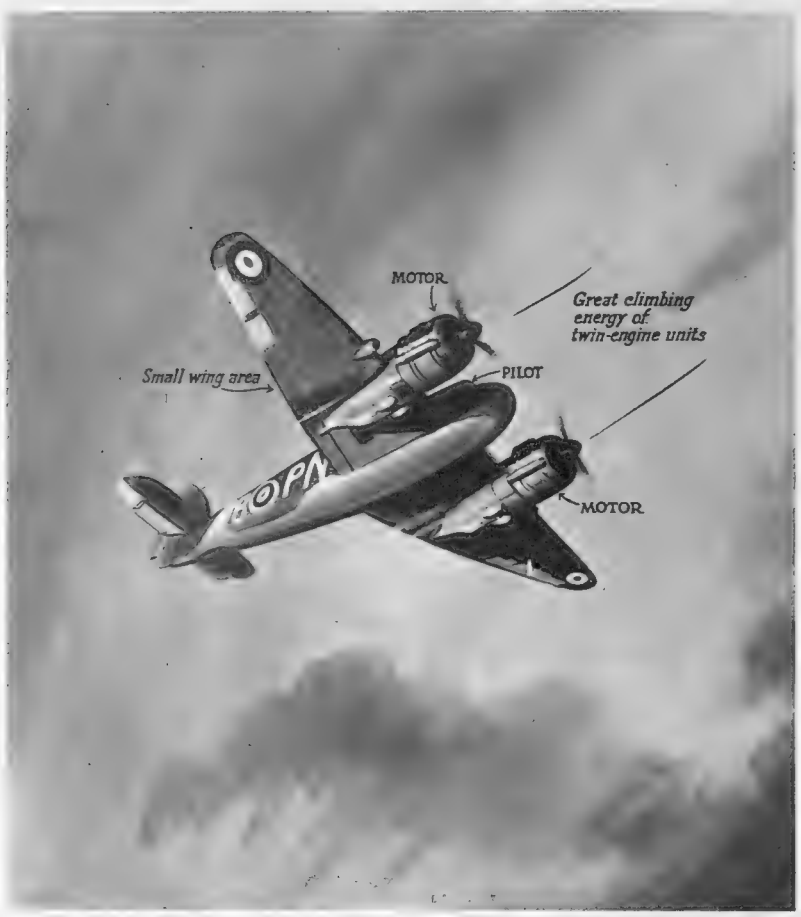
Finally, its great power gives it a reasonably high speed, which is possibly well over 300 m.p.h., although no figures can be given.

Naturally the Beaufighter, so different from the single-seaters which have preceded it, must require rather a different flying technique. That is true of all "twins" which require a short conversion course if a pilot has flown nothing but single-motor types before. The "twin technique" is even more pronounced in the Beaufighter than in other types because of its very high power. The worst trouble in a two-motor type is the possibility of a "swing" during the take-off. This is particularly true of night fighting. If one motor is pulling a little more than another, then a swing is likely to develop which may prove dangerous if not noticed and corrected in time. This phenomenon is also noticeable in single-motor types because of airscrew torque.

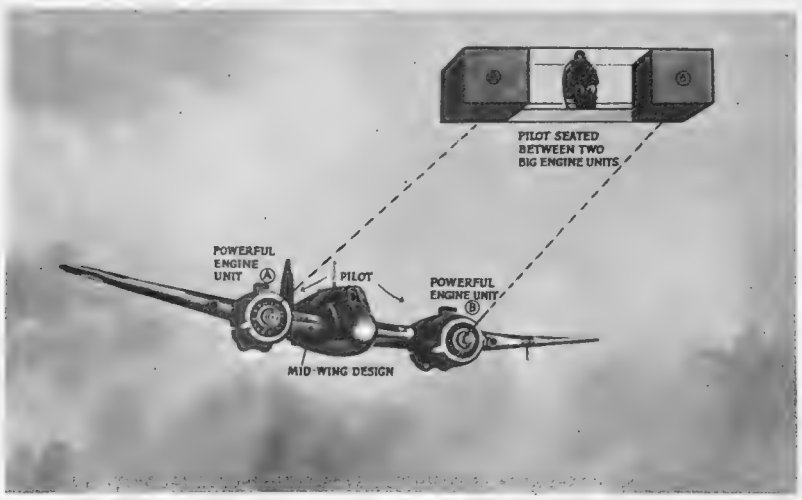
Once in the air, the Beaufighter is reported to handle as swiftly as one could wish, and the pilot's chief impression is the immense power at his command. He has an excellent view forward—better than that of any single-motor type, because the nose slopes away sharply in front of him. This fact makes the Beaufighter easier to take-off and land than it normally would be in comparison with the single-motor types, in which view is restricted on the ground by the motor in front.

Sideways vision in the Beaufighter is not quite so good, because of the two big radial motors close in on each side. The nose is particularly narrow, so that the downwards angle of vision is excellent.

There is no doubt that the Beaufighter will have an influence on future fighter design and swing the trend towards bigger and more powerful machines of long range and great striking power, although there will always remain the need for the smaller single-motor "interceptor" typified by the new Hawker Typhoon.



COUPLED WITH A SMALL WING AREA, the two very powerful motors set up the most awkward gyroscopic action if not properly synchronised



THE PILOT SITS BETWEEN THE TWO ENGINES: These are of great power and therefore of considerable weight. This complication the artist has graphically illustrated in the diagram reproduced above

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PERSONAL EXPERIENCES vie with NOVELS

The Memoirs of an Australian Journalist; Peter Fontaine's Flight From Paris; A Complex Character-Study; Nineteenth-Century Village Life; A Collection of Forceful Short Stories

THERE is one way in which a journalist in these days can escape the trials of censors and the B.B.C., and that is by writing a book. In **I LIVED THESE YEARS**. (Harrap. 10s. 6d.), Eric Baume, one of Australia's leading journalists, gives us an autobiography which begins in Paradise and ends in a London *Blitz*. As a journalist, he started at the age of seventeen as that "lowest form of crawling life," a proof-reader. At twenty-two he was already an editor, thus creating, if not an actual record, certainly a freak, as he puts it, in the newspaper world.

The rise was perhaps too meteoric to be stable. There were men ready to take advantage of youthful indiscretion, and after a year of quarrels the break came. But it was a year of lessons learned, all the more valuable for having been taught at such an early age; and so equipped he joined the editorial staff of the *Daily Guardian* in Sydney, there to begin his career in earnest.

"Australia breathes freedom at a man . . ." he says. That may be, but freedom is a big prize, painfully acquired. Life in Sydney turned out to be tough, and newspapers even tougher; but he was ready for it. The fruits of experience are illustrated in a conversation with Lord Beaverbrook in 1939.

"I had long talks with him, but found his attitude towards Australia remarkably single-track. 'Yes,' he used to say, 'the Australians are great fighters.' 'I suppose they are,' I said, 'but they are also good farmers and good artisans and good unionists and good tradesmen.' 'Yes,' he said, 'but they're great fighters.' And the next day, when we met in the occasional flashes of sunshine through scudding cloud, he would say, 'You know, the Australians are great fighters.'"

After a broadcast visit to the States, and eight years as editor of the *Sydney Sun*, Mr Baume, pursuing his "freak" destiny, overturned the editorial chair to come to Europe as a war correspondent.

First to France, until France was no more, and then to England, where he has devoted much of his abundant energy to expressing his views on everything connected with England, the war and Australia.

His opinions have all the faults and virtues of a man to whom speed is more important than solidity, variety than established ways. He attacks England, generally with point. In the first phases of the war, he fought to break down traditional British complacency (though in the end it was bombs and not Baumes which performed this much-needed miracle); and in one swoop he would have us forfeit all the traditions and accepted standards of our country. Europe he tosses aside as a woman discards last season's hat—the only difference being that he has never had to wear the hat.

But his criticism is not based on lack of affection: he has all the traditional Dominion loyalty. His admiration for the way in which the British, "society women" in particular, got down to it when the bombs actually came is sincere, if a trifle naïve. None the less, his criticism is by no means entirely destructive. He advocates a policy of energetic reconstruction. He wants to see a rearranged British Commonwealth of Nations, even if it means spelling London "Ottawa." He wants to remind England that Empires don't flourish on neglect, and that Australians do have some ideas besides fighting . . . if she forgets, it will hardly be Mr. Baume's fault.

THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH COUNCIL: The Rt. Hon. Sir Malcolm Robertson, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., M.P., who succeeds the late Lord Lloyd. Sir Malcolm is M.P. for Mitcham: he entered the Foreign Office in 1898, and has served in the Diplomatic Service in Peiping, Madrid, Bucharest, Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro, Washington, The Hague, Tangier and Buenos Aires. In the last-named city he was British Ambassador from 1927 to 1929

It is just about a year ago since a victorious German army marched into Paris for the second time within living memory. Their arrival, on this occasion, has often been described, but nowhere so vividly and circumstantially as in **LAST TO LEAVE PARIS**, by Peter Fontaine (Chaterson. 5s.).

Actually, when Mr. Fontaine mounted his bicycle and rode away, the German troops had been in Paris for some time. They were encamped in the Bois and were preparing for their triumphal entry on the following day. Mr. Fontaine, the British-born son of a French father, has strong claims to being a Parisian, since it was his home for many years. He rode out of Paris, and, on his bicycle, faced the hazards and adventures of a journey of more than five thousand miles, taking him seventy-three days, before he was able to rejoin his family in England.

There have been many stories of escapes from France in those dark days, but none equal to this in its objectivity. Told in simple and straightforward terms, with no attempt at dramatisation, it holds the balance between the French and British points of view, which in their more exuberant manifestations have tinged with bitterness and recrimination so many accounts of those hectic days.

With much of the story we are already familiar: the curious inactivity and perplexity abroad in Paris just before its fall. The progress along roads packed with fleeing refugees. The tragedy of Tours and Bordeaux. Yet to all these things, and to the spectacle of Marseilles, a forbidden city, ringed round by police and military, its harbours empty, its population bemused, Mr. Fontaine adds his personal touch of cool observation unhampered by a bitter personal experience, even in retrospect. For a man of middle age his was no mean physical feat, but it was not to demonstrate this that the book was written. Rather does it carry an assurance that, in spite of the machinations of Vichy, French honour and independence will one day be vindicated and restored, and that a true *entente cordiale* will be re-established.

In **NARCISSA** (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) Miss Richmal Crompton essays a portrait of a veritable monster of unselfishness. Stella was in every way a model little girl, idolised by a doting aunt, and generally dominating the rural backwater, in which she was brought up, by her beauty and her personality, even when she was in the schoolroom.

That she was also cruel, deceitful, malicious, and was later to develop murderous instincts was not immediately apparent to those who were completely taken in by her *façade* of selflessness. That she also had the ability to deceive herself was no extenuation of the circumstances in which she killed her Aunt Fanny, nor, later on, the very worthy man who gave her a lifetime of devotion. In the course of her rake's progress of domestic tyranny she almost, but not quite, ruined the happiness of another man who loved her, drove her eldest son to take refuge in a complete severance of his relations with her, and her youngest son to suicide.

Stella, in other words, was a woman who used every kind of unscrupulous means to dominate and to make hideous the lives of those in the closest proximity to her. It is a strong story, but unrelieved by anything which would make the character credible.

Miss Marjorie Mack's novel, **VELVETEEN JACKET** (Faber. 7s. 6d.), takes us back to that period in the last century when the lives of the village and those who lived in it centred round the necessity to "bless the Squire and his relations, and keep us in our proper stations."

As a small boy, Daniel Lee was aspiring quite naturally into the job his father had, *i.e.* gamekeeper to the Squire. He had his own friends and companions, but to none did he give greater loyalty and friendship than to Johnny, the Squire's son. When he grew up he might have married Mary, but was obsessed by a wild passion for a gipsy, which led him into a fight, and in that fight he found he had killed his own father. After a term of imprisonment, he returned to the village, leading a sort of undercover life, and married the daughter of an Irish immigrant. His was a hard life, with tragedy and suffering never very far away, but in the end he was discovered by Johnny who, from his eminence and power as the Squire, could help him to some measure of peace and contentment.

No brief resumé of this story can convey its quality, for it breathes the very spirit of the countryside. It is this subtle atmosphere of slow rhythm and the healing seasons which dominates the more dramatic incidents, and makes real the book's true fulfilment.

PRESENTING MOONSHINE (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) is a book of short stories by Mr. John Collier which bear evidence that the author has for some time been resident in the United States. Those who are acquainted with this author's *His Monkey Wife* and *Defy the Foul Fiend*, will need no introduction to him as a writer of markedly individual talents.

At his best Mr. Collier is comparable with Saki in that master's more merciless and macabre moments. There the resemblance ends, for Mr. Collier's wit has a more vicious twist, and he seldom lets up from the kind of whimsy which dances on the border of the macabre. Nearly all of these stories are forceful and astringent, and are not, therefore, to be recommended to be read leisurely or at a sitting

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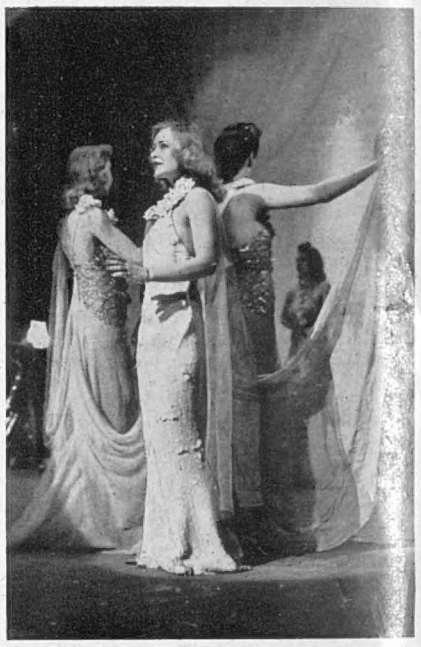
THE LIGHTER SIDE

A HUSH-HUSH ARMY UNIT OF GLAMOUR-GIRLS : At an Army location a secret Army revue has just completed rehearsals. With its "props" packed in lorries, the company is to tour selected military sites where, because civilians are not admitted, the troops have had no entertainment. A feature of the show is the chorus composed of seven A.T.S. girls who, before joining up, were on the stage. Part of the show has been written by Douglas Furber, and Lieut. Aubrey Dexter, of the Rifle Brigade, formerly an actor, is producer, manager, and compère

IMPROMPTU DRESSING-ROOM : One of the A.T.S. girls making adjustments to her make-up during a rehearsal

"UP AND DOING" AGAIN : Theatregoers have welcomed the reopening of the Saville Theatre, and the continuation of the revue *Up and Doing*. Leslie Henson and Cyril Ritchard are seen as the two "Pukka Sahibs"



THE IRISH NIGHTINGALE : Miss Feich Lina, who is the daughter of General McGurk, now appears in the new spectacular revue, *Non-Stop Varieties*, which has recently opened at the Prince of Wales Theatre

FOR TIRED FIRE-FIGHTERS : A member of the chorus of *Black Vanities* getting acquainted with an A.F.S. worker during the special matinee recently held at the Victoria Palace for members of the various A.R.P. services

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

IF in these days we cannot travel abroad, or for that matter, any distance at all without considerable difficulty, there are ways and means of transporting our thoughts for a few brief hours to another world.

At least, that was the impression I gained as I sat in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon and witnessed Master Constable Dogberry, Beatrice, Benedick and other characters parade before my eyes. For some three hours the war was out of mind, and on my return to the hotel the talk was of the Play and not of planes.

There is much to be said for a break from war routine at, or near, the town, which was Shakespeare's birthplace, and whilst in days of peace Stratford was invaded, especially at the time of the Festival, with pilgrims from all corners of the world, to-day the twenty weeks' Shakespearean Season is being run for the benefit of us Britishers alone. What a placid, picturesque place for a pilgrimage. The Avon flowing lazily by. The rhythmic sound of a punt pole making contact with the gravel bed, the bleating of sheep on the green pastures which face the river opposite the Sheep Street, the quiet back walks, the picturesque cottages along Waterside, the nine timbered gables of the Shakespeare Hotel (" taken over," alas !), and suddenly off the busy streets one steps into the tranquillity of the street which is called Old Town.

It is in Old Town that you will find what is practically the only first-class hotel open in Stratford to-day, the William and Mary. Naturally, it is full every night, but, like all hotels which are embarrassed these days by a demand which exceeds the supply, one can be fairly sure of accommodation if one takes the precaution of booking up some time ahead. But only double rooms, I am asked to emphasise. Like many a period house, there are few rooms which could be designated as single, and it was for that reason that I had to sleep out myself. But, even if you have to have a bed out, or stay in some neighbouring town or village, there is no reason why you should not lunch or dine in the restaurant of the William and Mary, which I did, for a complete week. I emphasise that period of a week, because any chance meal might strike one as good, bad or indifferent.

Shortly before I re-visited Stratford, I had had a complaint from a reader who sent me a menu of a dinner he and some friends had had at the William and Mary, and asked me if I did not consider the price charged was an imposition for the meal in question. On the face of it the price did not seem justified, and from enquiries made since I learnt that my complainant had struck one of those bad evenings when even in the best-run hotel everything seems to go wrong ; and on that particular night the chef was away ill, the head waiter was off duty, and there was a breakdown in the local commissariat.

But I dined, and sometimes lunched, at the William and Mary for a whole week, and admittedly that they might have spread themselves on an isolated occasion if they knew I was coming, they were in these instances entirely ignorant of my comings and goings, and I was impressed, critical as I was prepared to be, with the quality of the food, the daily variety, and the really excellent service. It is so rarely one sees an hotel chef, but I would like to commend the William and Mary's chef for the realisation that hot food must be served on hot plates. The head waiter, Mr. Paul, never waits, but sets the pace for his staff, who are well entitled to their restaurant wings ! Bear in mind that, because of the early rise of the curtain at the theatre, dinner has to be in the nature of a moveable feast. It commences at 5.45 p.m., during the Festival, and continues till 9 p.m., and this is no light task for a dining and kitchen staff to see through in war days. Certainly, they showed during that week, first-class efficiency and, for myself, I should never feel at a loss, in Stratford, as to where to get a meal.

It is a great pity that there should be such little hotel accommodation available in Stratford to-day, for it is a valiant effort to present a twenty weeks' Shakespearean Season in wartime. Among those hotels no longer available for one reason or another are the Shakespeare, the Arden, Avonside, Alveston Manor, the Washington Irving and the Welcombe, so the choice to-day lies principally between the William and Mary, the Falcon and the Swan's Nest. Doubtless there are a number of small guest houses and lodgings, and a line to the Secretary of the Information Bureau in Sheep Street would bring the desired information.

But there is one small guest house which I must mention, even though I know it to be consistently full, and that is a deliciously clean and bright-looking house at Wilmcote, some four miles out, called THE GUEST HOUSE. Though I only paid it a very hurried visit, I have memories of colourful comfort in the general furnishings and decorations : a model kitchen, a garden of peacefulness, and a manager who was as proud of his house as the captain of a liner.

Another virtue of Stratford as a rest centre is the ease with which one can get about. A bus will take you to Evesham, Leamington, Warwick, and if there is less chance of road transport to some of those delectable Cotswold villages tucked away off the beaten track, Stratford and its surrounds make the use of a bicycle possible and pleasurable.

It may be I have raised false hopes in suggesting a visit to Stratford with such an acute hotel situation there, but where there 's a will there 's a way. One word of warning. You are not allowed to entirely forget the war at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, as they will not admit you without your gas mask.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. F. C. D., Chester.—Here are some small out-of-the-way spots on the South Coast. Bridport Arms Hotel at West Bay, near Bridport; Pendower Hotel, in the Roseland peninsula of Cornwall ; the Old Ferry Inn, Bodinnick, near Fowey, or, if you would be inland, the Oxenham Arms, South Zeal, near Okehampton.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise " Sphere " readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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In an article just issued by the Advertising Association, the question: "Is there a case for advertising when the activities of industries not regarded as essential in time of war have been restricted?" is fully answered.

This reasoned exposition of the function of advertising in the present circumstances explains the wisdom of keeping the memory of the public green by keeping it informed of a firm's present activities, or else of its difficulties, so that it will be in a position when the war is over to ride on the crest of the wave of public purchasing power that will be released.

Copies of this article can be obtained from The Secretary,

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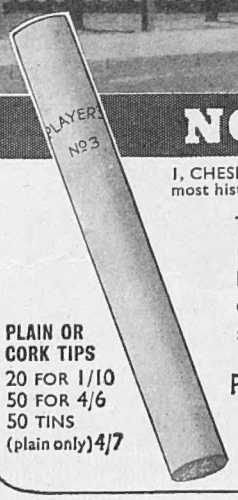

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